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FORD MADOX FORD AND FORD MADOX BROWN

"My grandfather was an old English gentleman. He had a conscience."

The Lady of the Lakes

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. By Ernest de Selincourt. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $8.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

"EARLY on Tuesday morning, December 17, while the moon still shone upon the river Tees, Dorothy and William left Sackburn, William on one horse, and Dorothy mounted behind George Hutchinson upon another." Happening to see this sentence or others like it, a reader overfed with recent fictional biography might exclaim, "Oh, here is another of these wishy-washy things," and close the volume. He would be making a mistake, however, for every detail of the passage quoted above, like all else in the book, is derived with absolute fidelity and exactness from original sources.

If ever a biography was based on full information scrupulously used, this one is. Much of the material has not hitherto been available, though students of Wordsworth and Coleridge have hoped it existed and sought for it in vain. Professor de Selincourt, who for many years has been a near neighbor of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the poet's grandson and careful guardian of the family correspondence, has enjoyed a unique and enviable opportunity to copy letters as they have come into his friend's possession from the heirs of that famous company in which Dorothy moved. He has also received many from other families. William Knight, the most exasperating of all editors, printed in 1897 her Alfoxden and Grasmere Journals, but because of a contemptuous disregard for what he considered petty feminine details he made many arbitrary omissions, besides misreading many a word in her not too difficult handwriting, excusing his inaccuracy with the insufferable remark that "it is one thing to reproduce the *ipsissima verba* of a poet, and quite another to reproduce the incorrect spellings of his sister." He gave only a few extracts from the extremely interesting and valuable Journal of the days she and her brother and Coleridge spent at Hamburg in 1798, and left out much from her later Journals. His dating is often wrong. Professor de Selincourt has read the manuscripts more carefully and printed many of the omitted passages. He has also had access, as Knight had not, to the immense number of letters from Dorothy to her friend Jane Pallard, later Mrs. Marshall, and to the great Clarkson collection, now in the British Museum. Thus the present volume is soundly based on documents. Its contents, though exciting enough to anyone interested in the psychology of poetic production or the intimate secrets of human personality, are not presented sensationally, but with dignity and distinction.

There would have been no excuse for making it a "fictional" biography and there could have been no temptation to do so, for Dorothy Wordsworth's character was as interesting as that of any imaginary heroine, and until her health broke down her life had all the artistic unity a novelist could expect to create. The tone of Professor de Selincourt's book is admirable: he appreciates Dorothy's genius, her literary achievements, her manifold contributions to her brother's success; he sympathizes with her sacrifices and sufferings, without losing sight of the fact that she was, until the breakdown of her health, one of the happiest of mortals.

(*Continued on page* 422)

The Spider

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

WITH six small diamonds for his eyes
He walks upon the summer skies,
Drawing from his silken blouse
The lacework of his dwelling house.

He lays his staircase as he goes
Under his eight thoughtful toes
And grows with the concentric flower
Of his shadowless, thin bower.

His back legs are a pair of hands,
They can spindle out the strands
Of a thread that is so small
It stops the sunlight not at all.

He spins himself to threads of dew
Which will harden soon into
Lines that cut like slender knives
Across the insect's airy lives.

He makes no motion but is right,
He spreads out his appetite
Into a network, twist on twist,
This little ancient scientist.

He does not know he is unkind,
He has a jewel for a mind
And logic deadly as dry bone,
This small son of Euclid's own.

Pre-Raphaelite Epitaph

BY FORD MADOX FORD

THE great woes of the plastic arts arise from want of classification. Written works allow themselves to be contentedly sorted out into the creative and the factual—as fiction, non-fiction, and journalism. As says the old, old lady in M. Béhaine's newest—and wonderful—book, "La Silence et la Solitude:" "*De mon temps, les gens qui écrivaient se proposaient un de ces trois buts: toucher, instruire, ou amuser.*" . . . "In my young days people who wrote set themselves one of these three aims: to move, to instruct, or to divert."

It may be added that only those who sought to "move" the reader—the poets and novelists—were qualified as "artists."

Every person who takes canvas, panel, carton, ivory, copper-plate, vellum, or paper and on them makes marks, stains, or incisions in oils, tempera, gouache, charcoal, or with ink or acids, using brush, palette knife, pencil, graver, or goose-quill becomes at once an "artist" not only in the popular but also in his own parlance. Of even photographers that is true.

Painters, etchers, draughtsmen, aquarellists have as such their labels, but only along the lines of tools or pigments. No sane person would classify Homer and the minute-writer who condensed for the press the proceedings of the Versailles Congress as both being literary artists. Yet both El Greco, who imagined and designed the view of Toledo, and the Westalls, who with photographic needles produced topographical records of the lake country to illustrate the works of Southey, Wordsworth, or Coleridge, must come under the same heading.

I do not mean to say that there are no border lines. There are all the Italians who preceded Raphael and all the "primitives" of the world to prove it. But to dwell on them for the moment would be to obscure the issue: men must be classified under their main passions. The issue is really a great one. Art criticism would become infinitely more enlightening and the painting world would be spared an infinity of scandals and controversies once these classifications were fairly established in the painting mind. There can have been few greater real scandals than Zola's treatment of Cézanne or, in its smaller way, Ruskin's of Whistler. Zola was a worthy if unimaginative citizen. Ruskin, if he looked, as my grandfather said, like a cross between a fiend and a tallow-chandler, was probably on the side of one cohort of angels or another. Yet both must for ever pass as fool-villains for want of perception of the fact that plastic poets, preachers, historians, and journalists cannot use the same pen-methods, and that yet not one of them need interfere or compete with any of the others.

We writers of whatever genre get along very well side by side. What rifts and jealousies there are amongst us go on in our own camps, not in camp against camp. Journalists seldom envy novelists, poets, preachers, or statisticians. Why should they? Certainly they never league themselves against artists in words and, when necessary, they can amiably associate themselves with the moralist or the factual writer. The journalist, like the rest, has his very difficult technique and if his effects are tenuous and ephemeral he sees at once and has the rewards of his effects and like the dancer has no need to be jealous of the tragedian or the dramatist. The sermon writer not so long ago was a presumptuous person and lashed with whips of scorpions all those who did not write sermons of his own persuasion—or wrote them better. Yet even he has learned moderation when he expresses himself outside the backwoods settlement. It is only the art critic and the plastic artist who never learn.

Amongst them there is none of this peace—and the arts suffer, illustrators, recorders of current events, portraitists, social, moral, and patriotic propagandists all uniting to sock, say, the followers of Cézanne whose major preoccupation is not with records but with patterns. . . . And the plastic arts suffer!

They suffer in two ways. The engrossed designer whose preoccupation is solely with design and its movement is swamped by the clamor of the ignorant. What is still worse, the issue is obscured for the engrossed designer who, unless, like Cézanne, he is of an almost super-human indifference to the voice of crowds, is only likely, to [illegible] from the straight way. Without Ruskin we might have had some real art in England and, but for that quality of indifference to the crowd of Cézanne, Manet, and Renoir, Zola might well have wrecked the Impressionists.

It is in the history of Pre-Raphaelism that the tendency is most blatantly and lamentably to be observed. The Movement has always suggested to me the epitaph in, I think, Icklesham churchyard. In it a child who only lived one day comments: "If I was so soon to be done for, I wonder what I was begun for" . . . Pre-Raphaelism was a *cul de sac* that, considering the virile and outrageous characters of its proponents, came astonishingly to an end.

It started out with tenets that are not insupportable to the most modern. I suppose that, with a little education—with the inspiration of half a dozen words as to the aims of art, my grandfather, Rossetti even, and say Dyce and some of the minor figures of the background might have become real artists. But the whole movement has esthetically disappeared from today's con-

This Week

DAYS WITHOUT END
By EUGENE O'NEILL
Reviewed by John Corbin

THE EARLIER LEWIS
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

YOUTH CAN'T BE SERVED
By NORAH HOULT
Reviewed by Gladys Graham

SOME THIN PAPER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL
By GERTRUDE HALL BROWNELL
Reviewed by Edward S. Martin

Next Week or Later

JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES"
By PADRAIC COLUM

WORK OF ART
By SINCLAIR LEWIS
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

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sciousness simply for lack of that teaspoonful of leaven—or of that sense of classification that in my opening paragraphs I adumbrated.

It is not confutation to say that here, appearing within a day or two the one of the other, are two industriously documented and substantial volumes* dealing with that Circle. It is with the côterie of haughty, robust, and outrageously quarrelsome membership that both books deal and both leave almost entirely alone the plastic products of the Movement. Mr. Bickley occasionally indulges in some sort of art criticism that might have adorned the worst pages of the *Athenæum* at its most obstructive and that might well inspire a professor at the Beaux Arts who was inclined to lecture on Pre-Raphaelism. But his accurate and scholarly mind is little preoccupied with the arts. Seeing Pre-Raphaelism as a comedy and from the Holman Hunt angle he has all of the lofty university don's distrust of esthetic exaggeration and his book might well serve as a manual for parents whose sons wanted to paint. That is a constatation, not an expression of contempt.

Miss Winwar, more wholeheartedly and unashamedly propagandist for the life artistic, only very rarely hazards a sympathetic and ingenuous adjective to a picture. Her Italian nature makes her see the affair as circling about Dante Rossetti who, as a man, and not inaccurately, presents himself in her pages like one of those tremendous Italian tenors whom inspired impresarii pick up beside chestnut stalls to become glories of the world.... Not inaccurately indeed, for were not the last words of James McNeill Whistler: "You must not say anything against Rossetti. Rossetti was a king!"—"A king"—but not "a painter."

Miss Winwar in fact projects where Mr. Bickley records. She calls her book "Poor Splendid Wings" which shows that she at least is on the side of the angels. Indeed, if we consider Mr. Bickley's book as an English university appeal to the English-

"RIENZI," BY HOLMAN HUNT

"To come on a picture of Hunt unawares is to feel an actual pain on the retina."

should say: "All for love and the world well lost."

The two books show us very well where today the Pre-Raphaelites stand. Esthetically they have disappeared. In the memory of the flesh they have brilliantly survived. That is because they regarded their arts in terms of what was the fashion of their day. The arts were then the appanage no longer altogether of the Church but at least of the preachers and of the camera eye that eschewed the immoral. To the service of both my grandfather devoted twelve years of his life over the painting called Work. Yet my grandfather was a man who, jumping off from French Academicism and coming to England after having been born and having spent the whole of his youth in France, might well have known better. Before, indeed, he settled in London he had dimly evolved most of the theories of Impressionism and had he remained in the country of his birth his lot might very likely have been very different. As it was he is "the painter of Work"—a picture which undoubtedly arouses emotions in the spectator. But the emotions are those rather of stupefaction at the stubbornness of the painter, or at the accuracy of his camera eye; or at the intellect that made him make a portrait of Carlyle represent one kind of thought and another of F. D. Maurice represent another—or at his sterling morality in showing the dissolute in rags.... But your emotions will in no way be stirred by the "look" of the canvas. Yet the look of a picture is the only thing that can make canvas or painter lastingly attractive or that differentiates between a Cimabuë virgin and the products of a Cologne manufactory of religious appliances, today. Of this fact Rossetti may have had a dim, but not in the least workmanlike, idea. He wanted at least to make pretty pictures which may be taken to be the beginnings of plastic virtue. But only Millais and my grandfather—and perhaps Dyce who was an Academician before he got as you might say religion—had had any contact at all with the traditions of their art or the remotest inkling of what paint is for or how it should be used.

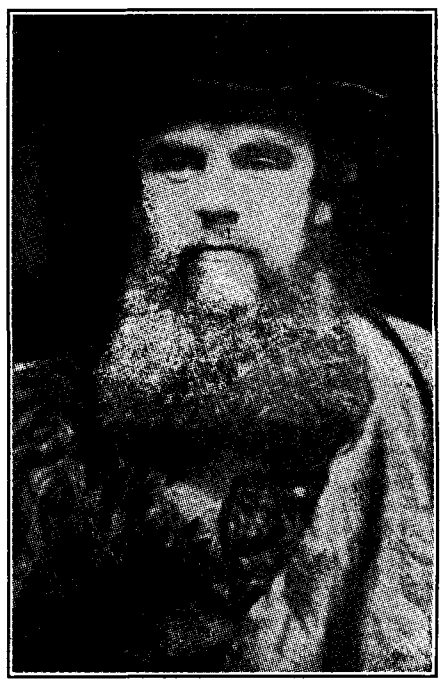
And extraordinarily little use they made of their training. Yet they did make a little. The difference between a picture of Dyce, Millais, or my grandfather and a painting by Holman Hunt is simply a difference of degree in the pain that the eye feels when it impinges on their canvases —for to come on a picture of Hunt unawares is to feel an actual pain on the retina. This comes from the fact that Hunt's pictures have neither design, intellect, nor movement. Some very few of the pictures of the other three have some small claim to being what today we call pictures as opposed to *images*. The others have none. chine age you could have found no greater eye-openers—and eye-healers—than the Italian primitives. For it was in the age of Raphael that the easel picture was invented and the "image" reached its quintessence and evolved its stultifying conventions. Those earlier painters painted to adorn spaces. If it was their aim to aid religion it was far more their aim to exalt the worshipper and to create in him a religious frame of mind by letting him see what good inventions of beauty they could see in the world of God, and the idea of making portrait images of the Virgin and Child or journalistic records of the Crucifixion never entered their minds. They painted to make churches glow and tired eyes rest in the assured beauty and movement of their designs. That was an art. It was also an intellectual feat. The intellect of plastic art manifests itself not in portraits of thinkers or in the portrayals of the blessings conferred on humanity by the applied sciences. It manifests itself in design and pattern and in the movement of the eye running from place to place on painted walls.

Esthetically speaking, movement in a picture has nothing to do with anatomical representation of a javelin thrower or of a lion springing on its prey. It consists in such an inspiration of line, color, and mass that the confiding eye, coerced by the art of a painter, can let its glance rest on the surface of a painting sure that it will be conveyed from space to space. And that ocular progress is what causes esthetic pleasure and emotion. The quattrocentists and their predecessors back to the Byzantine treated their wall spaces as composers treat their themes in abstract music. The literarily meaningless contrapuntal passages of Bach are infinitely moving—and more mystically than the most realistic program music founded on the most realistic snortings of dragons, Valkyrs, or Vikings, and the primitive Virgins and Children are no more presentations of sacred personages than Bach's Matthew Passion is a realistic representation of the passion of Christ. They are abstract variations on an esthetic theme. There is as much movement in a Byzantine mosaic, a design of Cimabuë, Giotto, Simone Martini, the Master of St. Anne, the Unknown Master of Cologne, Cranach, El Greco, Poussin, Cézanne, or Matisse—to name the whole apostolic succession—as in any of Bach's fugal writings and as much thought as in all the writings of Einstein. It is only the medium that is different.

Pre-Raphaelism made its prodigious flare because it was a bursting of foreign winds into Victorian conservatories, just as the quattrocento was a product of Constantinople reacting on Italy, and just as all other movements are the products of suddenly manifested cosmopolitanisms. It ended in a *cul de sac* because those who opened the windows had no conception of the nature of the wind that they let in. Ruskin voiced the stones of Venice, but he [illegible] cases he kept in his extraordinarily hideous parlor. Rossetti, almost completely without esthetic education, the splendid Italian tenor, spread physical romance around him and with sticky oils and gum-dropping verses imagined that he had restored to life in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, the very spirits of Dante and Botticelli. Holman Hunt—equally without artistic education—but with an enviable stubbornness and pugnacity produced in agony, sweat, and torments, photographic hideousnesses that would have been better cut out in tin and, in the spirit of Little Bethel, slavered his generous colleagues with venom. Millais, a courtly and unconcerned pheasant shooter, would have made an admirable accoucheur to royalty. He had all the tricks of the trade and all the royal tradesman's unconcern with art. My grandfather was an old English gentleman, all of the olden time. As such he had a conscience. With some glimmerings of light he passed his whole life experimenting, like Hokusai, with his materials so that he was like a blind man trying to find in familiar streets new crossings by which he might attain to regions where he might have his sight. He has been called the only English painter except for Hogarth and it pleases me to think that in his picture of Calais Gate Hogarth painted the house and the window of the room in which Ford Madox Brown was born. But his paintings are so scattered amongst the public galleries of the world and each painting so differs from the other that I imagine that it will be his fate to continue to be, as he was in life, the dark horse of Pre-Raphaelism.

The Pre-Raphaelites, amongst whom Miss Winwar includes Swinburne, produced also some verse and a few lines of poetry. But it was so immense in bulk and loose in texture that except for the adolescent who are uncritical it could, I should imagine, appeal to few today—or ever. And it is ironical to think that the only absolutely authentic art of whatever kind the movement produced is to be found hidden in corners of the profuse published work of Christina Rossetti. That the published work of my great connection is so profuse is the sin of my uncle William. For Christina suppressed over eighty per cent of the verse she wrote and William Rossetti, going after her death to her closets and cupboards and old trunks, got together every line she ever, with her magnificently sure gift of self-criticism, rejected, and published them in an immense ragbag of a volume.

I think that that was the worst sin that any Pre-Raphaelite brother ever committed. Miss Winwar, as is her duty as romantic novelist addressing a romantic audience, a little over-emphasizes the highlights of squalor of the Movement. If she, as I did as a child, had gone about amongst the mighty legs of those tempestuous persons, she would have found them living lives of the most correct in the hyper-Victorian. My grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, my uncle, William Rossetti, all the other Rossettis, Holman Hunt, Ruskin, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, Hall Caine, all inhabited the most proper semi-detached residences, were waited on by the most admirably trained housemaids, ate their regular meals from tables covered with shining damask, had their days At Home, "called" with admirable regularity. In fact, my trouble with that extraordinary group was that, with their portentous and unquestioned self-righteousness, with the exception of my grandfather who looked like the King of Hearts and told stories with a profusion of French gesture, they all appalled me . . . with the sense of my original sin!



HOLMAN HUNT

Obviously the truth lies somewhere between Miss Winwar's over-colored rendering and mine which is obviously under-pigmented. It is, as it were, my ingenuous youth against hers. Obviously in dwelling on respectabilities I may be talking of more than I know by the book. But of one thing I am sure. My grandfather was in no sense the pathetic, disappointed, poverty-stricken figure that in her sympathy Miss Winwar sets before you. He was, I imagine, the best, the most honorable, the most generous, and the most optimistic of men. For him all geese were swans and all his children and grandchildren geniuses. That was what he asked of life—and to be allowed to go on working.

He at least was absolutely unconscious of poverty after the day when he had to give up supporting the Rossetti pair—which was a grief until Ruskin took on the job. Then, as Miss Winwar records, in those days of a crisis as bitter as today's, he set up in his own house a soup-kitchen for the London breadlines.

He had in the seventies a market for his works in London that would have made anyone less openhanded a very wealthy man. When his children were settled he chose, open-eyed, to go into the wilderness—which was Manchester—on a sacred errand, which was to paint pictures that should mo[illegible]d walls. He was paid a very small [illegible] the Manchester bur-

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE COMEDY. By Francis Bickley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $2.50.

POOR SPLENDID WINGS. By Frances Winwar. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1933. $3.50. Reviewed October 7.

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gesses but after twelve years he could stand in the centre of their city hall and watch his frescoes moving in waves all round the walls of that grim building. That was his triumph—to have done, at least in their spirit, something that had been done by the painters that painted before Raphael—to have planned it, and to have carried it out with great labor.

He returned at last to London to find his market gone. But I never heard him complain of either neglect or want—though benevolent strangers ran around and did it for him. . . . That bore its fruit in a sense very characteristic of him—and one that comes back to me with remarkable vividness. I will put it in here as a corrective to a surmise of Miss Winwar's that I find uncalled for.

Madox Brown was exhibiting the design for the last Manchester fresco at a private view in his own house in London. There had been a great crowd and dusk having fallen we were alone over the studio fire. Suddenly there walked in Sir Edward Burne Jones, A. R. A., Sir Edward Poyner, P. R. A., and the still beautiful, tiny Lady Burne Jones. The Academicians had come to see the picture. A public subscription had been got up to present one of Madox Brown's pictures to the nation and the Academy had come to bless the venture—at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute. To bless efficiently the President had to have seen a picture of Madox Brown's. He never had.

The studio was quite dark except for the fire and a couple of candles. Jones asked my grandfather to show the picture to the President. My grandfather said he regretted to have no light. Lady Burne Jones, of an unparalleled persuasiveness, got me into a corner and succeeded in inducing me to light the gas-daylight apparatus that Madox Brown had invented. As soon as I struck a match my grandfather sprang out of his chair shouting:

"God damn and blast it, Fordie, do you want to blow us all to hell. That gas-pipe leaks." He was determined that he would not have that blessing of the Royal Academy. He did not.

I am sure that in those days he was never conscious of want and when he died

SELF-PORTRAIT OF MADOX BROWN
He "looked like the King of Hearts."

he left sufficient money to help his grandchildren towards maturity. He left, indeed, still some of the property that had been his father's. All in all I do not think that any artist—or any man—could have been much more fortunate in his life.

I permit myself to write these nepotistic lines because these are matters of which I am certain. As for the laudanum-sodomy-lechery atmosphere that Miss Winwar spreads from Bloomsbury to Putney I cannot write with first hand knowledge but I imagine it to be too thick. That is youth at work. If Miss Winwar when she is half way between her age and mine will go through her pages, clarify a little innuendoes that have double-meanings, and import into her atmosphere a little of the modification towards the bourgeoisie that I have adumbrated, and a little modify the romanticism of her selections and a little cut up her more rolling sentences, she may well see her work become a permanent piece of reading for great audiences. It has certainly been a labor of love.

As for Mr. Bickley I imagine that he is capable of taking care of himself.

Psyches Without End

DAYS WITHOUT END. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Random House. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

FROM the forthright character-comedy of "Ah, Wilderness!" Eugene O'Neill returns, in "Days Without End," to the technical experimenting with dual personality which has so astonished the bourgeoisie of Broadway culture. In "The Great God Brown," it will be remembered, the actors signalized the transformation from one phase of their nature to the other by clapping rubber masks on their faces. For those insufficiently imbued in the O'Neill cult, the device was rather painfully obvious. One and all must have felt a certain infelicity in the fact that, while the chin of the speaking actor contorted the mask into a series of quite meaningless grimaces, the mask retaliated by an equally meaningless muffling and distortion of the actor's voice. In "Strange Interlude" Mr. O'Neill shifted the burden of duality to the soliloquy, freezing all but one of the actors into statues while the subconscious mind of that one had a field day. He has not ventured to repeat either device. There are limits beyond which even the bourgeoisie of Broadway might refuse to be astonished.

In the present play, only the chief character, John Loving, is endowed with an alter ego. But there is compensation of a sort in the fact that his double is raised to the dignity of a place in the dramatis personæ, with a name of his own. He is clothed in a replica of John's raiment and wears a mask which is, so to speak, John's death mask. Visible only to the audience, he dogs John about the stage and interjects into what he says ideas and sentiments which arise from the dark backward and abysm of John's psyche. Whereas "John," as the text calls him, is a rather unusually loving son and husband, with a distinct inclination toward the Church, his double, quaintly called "Loving," is a cynical and sardonic materialist, a Bolshevist, and an atheist. He is, in short, the embodiment of a mood into which the impressionable and emotional John was thrown in his youth by the buffets and despites of fortune.

Mr. O'Neill's plot centers in the fact that, in the recent past, Loving has gained a momentary ascendancy over not only John's speech but his conduct. Bored by John's true sentiment for his wife, Loving managed at a cocktail party of the era of prohibition, to plunge him into a cynical and sordid adultery with the wife of his best friend, who is also the best friend of John's wife. The manner in which Mr. O'Neill arrives at his dramatic climax is deft and sure as always, and is also rather brilliantly original—and theatrical. John is whiling away the unemployment of depression time by writing a novel, a fictional autobiography, centering in the recent adultery. John's idea is to make a happy ending, the hero returning to his wife and to the faith of his youth. But as always Loving bedevils him, arguing that to be honest to himself and his art he must make his hero, in the Russian manner, denounce all sentiment, imprecate God and his Church, and commit suicide.

Now comes the first stroke of Mr. O'Neill's extraordinary craft. In the hope of finding encouragement for his happy ending, John relates the plot to his wife, Elsa. But, as the audience knows, she has already heard the same story as a personal confession of Lucy, her best friend. Lucy does not, of course, name John as her paramour; but his disclosure of his plot throws the fat in the fire—to the vast delight of Loving. The sentimental Elsa Loving adds two and two, and is so perturbed by the sum-total that she rages out of doors into a storm, takes pneumonia, and hovers between life and death. But at the crucial moment she forgives John and so survives the crisis.

Out of John's joy at Elsa's recovery and her forgiveness, comes Mr. O'Neill's second triumph. In a resurgence of the faith of his youth, the good man rushes to church and prostrates himself before a life-size figure of Christ on the cross. He is still subject to the old struggle with his alter ego; but there is now no manipulated shifting of a mask, as in "The Great God Brown," nor yet an alternation of conscious speech and subliminal musing, as in "Strange Interlude." Loving is a dramatis persona, and an active one; he dogs John to the foot of the crucifix and there engages him in a final desperate and very dramatic colloquy. John now triumphs, and so signally that Loving falls dead before him. In point of fact, Loving vanishes. "Only the mask of his face lies where his head had been at the foot of the cross, like a cured cripple's testimonial offering in a shrine." And by means of this stirring scene not only John but Mr. O'Neill achieves a happy ending.

Could anything be more convincing? There is no question of the off-again of a rubber mask which may as readily be shifted on again, nor yet of subliminal broodings which, having once had their field-day, would doubtless lurk in ambush forever. John's double *is* a double; and, reversing the old story, John undoes him completely and forever.

To those for whom drama is not so much theatre as character, "Days Without End" will probably seem less satisfactory. John Loving is another of the highly emotional, unstable, and febrile psyches (pronounced *sykes*, the same as Bill) that haunt the later O'Neill, and he is by no means the most impressive of his line. His wife is an equally distempered sentimentalist. The most interesting characterization is Lucy, the good friend of both, who lures Loving into an affair merely as a means of revenge in kind on her husband and then lapses into the most sordid of confessions to Elsa. The divagations of our new youth could scarcely range farther; yet the woman, and the scenes of which she is protagonist, touch the high-water mark of O'Neill's achievement in the kind, which is of course the high-water mark of our contemporary drama.

Rough Justice

THE TRUSTY KNAVES. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1933. $2.

MR. RHODES is in his own way a poet. And the story of those trusty knaves who cleaned up the town of Target and ousted the local gang has something of the drawling charm of Owen Wister's "The Virginian," which, in our opinion, is high praise. A particular passage gave us a thrill such as we usually only get from poetry—probably because it refers back to poetry. It is John Cecil Calvert, the tenderfoot, thinking—soon to be involved in his first Western melee:

> Unspoken, a half-forgotten line flashed through his mind. Where had he read that, or heard it? Oxford, Carlisle, The Highlands, Normandy, Avignon? *"We are the lost, Queen Honor—"* How did it go? . . . *"Queen Honor is the deathless—"* Who said that? How could he have forgotten? . . . *"A battered rascal guard still closes round her."*

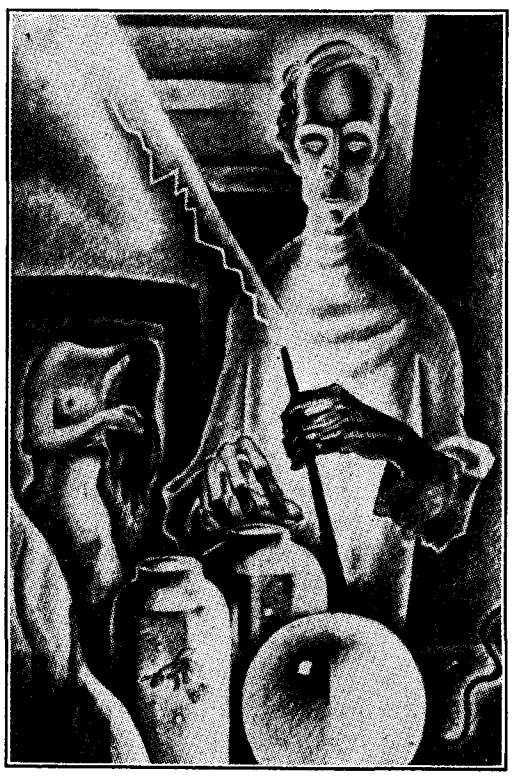
Mr. Rhodes is fair to his villain. Erie Patterson proves a brave man at the end. Just occasionally a couple of the characters seem a little too free with semi-literary references; but in general their speech is convincing. Mr. Rhodes writes a story a great deal better than the average Western thriller. He has actually known the prototypes of his characters. A delightful humor distinguishes his story of rough justice.

Another Master Mind

THE CADAVER OF GIDEON WYCK. By a Medical Student, edited by Alexander Laing. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR the devotee of mystery stories who is not averse to the gruesome, the publishers have prepared this book so cleverly, with its weird jacket and frontispiece by Lynd Ward, the portentous warning to those unable to sustain shock (on the back of the jacket), the account of how the manuscript came into the office and of Mr. Laing's apparent editorship, that this reviewer hastened to stuff the volume into his brief-case and take it home.



DRAWING BY LYND WARD
From "The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck."

Then your reviewer sat up until two o'clock in the morning reading it, and only toward the end did he begin to skip. His first criticism would be that Mr. Laing has not ended the story crisply enough, he has run on too long. But, say, the first three quarters of the tale certainly give the thriller-reader a run for his money and contain a rich content of interest.

First, of course, there is the Master Mind—in this case the experimental physiologist and psychiatrist, Dr. Wyck, w sideline was being a lady-killer al literally. His absorbedly scientific i leads him to experiment on human be in a manner that should make the blood run cold. I was reading an old book of Grant Allen's the other day, "Hilda Wade," the adventures of an English nurse—sent to me by a friend who knows my predilections. But the absorbedly scientific Dr. Sebastian of that book is a babe-in-arms compared to Gideon Wyck—and if Gideon is not the arch-fiend of all time, what have you got in the way of arch-fiends?

He gets his "come-uppance" of course. What proper arch-fiend in fiction does not? But not before he has prevailed upon his light-o'-loves, by *force majeure*, to produce a nice row of little monsters. It seems that in medical school they call such an exhibit a "symmelus" (Monstre Symélien), and if this book *wasn't* written by a medical student, Mr. Laing must have gone to medical school at some time or other, or consulted one who did, much as Sinclair Lewis consulted Paul de Kruif on the technical details in "Arrowsmith." Yes, I am guessing that Mr. Laing wrote this book. In the beginning, through a most ingenious apparatus of notes, he kept me in doubt somewhat, but the second part of the book is straight fiction. And more and more it is borne in upon the reader that some of Dr. Wyck's findings are far too preposterous for credence. I think it weakens the book to introduce all the business of Mike Connell's being affected to insanity by what happened to those to whom he had donated blood from his arm. If blood-transfusion really acted like that it would have been barred long ago as a practice. I am willing—I had almost said to swallow the monsters!—but I think the blood transfusion part pretty childish.

One of the most exciting things in the book has nothing to do, or very little, with the abnormal. It is the account of Saunders's trip to New York to try and rescue Muriel Finch from Ted Gideon. And the detective story part of the story, the tracking down of Dr. Wyck's murderer, succeeds in the old stuff of confusing the reader among possible murderers and "springing" one he had not suspected.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Words, Words

In childhood words are powerful sounds quivering with magic. They give power over things; bring food, bring comfort, make pain articulate, change anger to love. When the tongue masters them, the little nursery world seems mastered, too. In youth, words retain some of their magic, for every new abstraction given a name seems to explain forever some section of experience. "Democracy," "liberalism," "sophistication," "socialism," "exploitation," "decadence," "communism," "nationalism"—youth has leaped at the words like trout for flies. Each at some time for every one has seemed a revelation. In middle age the trickery of words should be evident. Then the hardening mind should begin to distrust these approximate and inaccurate symbols of thought. Language, that flowing robe, intricately woven, which both reveals and conceals the infinitely more complex body of sensation, rationalization, wish, and non-wish, should be turned inside out by virtue of an education that enables the critical mind to analyze its own articulation. The civilized intellect should step upon the thin ice of expression with full knowledge that only a slight crystallization of meaning keeps him above no-sense. Before he trusts the weight of an idea he should watch for cracks, and measure the scant fabric that upholds him. For we live in a word-confident society, where the delicate ice splits beneath assurance, and our spokesmen wallow in non-logic and nonsense without the slightest perception that words have let them down again. And we wallow after them.

Recently a distinguished elder statesman addressed an audience in New York on the foreign policy of the United States. He spoke of nationalism, which he upheld, and internationalism, which he deplored, of patriotism, entanglements, commitments, and before he had finished his eloquent address, had made Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, Ramsay MacDonald, and himself use these vague crystallizations of thought with identical meanings. Even transportation and communication, two other words which, like a lady's bag, hold a different assortment every time one looks into them, were made to mean alike for both the eighteenth century and the twentieth.

He was followed by an ex-ambassador, adroit and skeptical, who, with a dozen snicks of his knifelike mind, cut the argument to ribbons. The Senator's "nationalism," his "internationalism," his "commitments" were words only, which, so to speak, dripped out their content as they were lifted from one century to another, until in the eloquent fabric of that oration they meant precisely everything or nothing. But the operation was too skilful. The speech, though cut to pieces, still stood up, like one of those medieval giants sliced by a knight-errant, but unaware that he was dead. And all such speeches, all such arguing will stand up, will be persuasive (like so many pages of that masterpiece of meaningless meaning, "Mein Kampf") while words do the work of thinking.

Since the human race has always tricked itself with words, there is nothing novel in this complaint; but two considerations suggest themselves. First, no society was ever subjected to such a downpour and upflood of words as ours—words printed by millions and read by more millions, words broadcast by millions, words spoken by machinery for millions. There was time between words in the eighteenth century for the not too few who could think. But if a word like "religion" could slay its thousands in the seventeenth century, a word like "patriotism" undefined can slay its millions in the twentieth. If words have raised us in the past, words in the present can let us down to that level where the instinctive common sense of the peasant is truer and safer than the word-deluded reasoning of a culture built upon formulas.

And, second, this, that there is clearly something wrong with an education that sends out so many sheep with wool that can be plucked out in handfuls if only the right magic word is shouted over the flock. Our old linguistic education had this advantage at least, that no boy with his mind disciplined by Latin escaped the knowledge that virtue had not always meant the same thing, or that Cicero's praise of republican institutions could not be used as a defense of the Republican party. We have examined many of the books of English Composition which are supposed to provide in our schools a substitute for that drill in language which the old curriculum, with all its drawbacks, did provide. And in them we have found many exercises in the dictionary meaning of words, and many precepts for guidance in accuracy for those who will say "aggravate" when they mean "irritate." But aside from a few general statements, literally nothing which would rub, pound, grind into the meanest intelligence the infinitely important fact that a word is only a symbol, and that those abstract words with which we do our thinking have to be examined for their content at least as scrupulously as a golf bag or a surgeon's kit. If there is one vast, egregious, and disastrous failure in modern education, palpable, provable, and ominous, it is the failure to teach not only the masses, but economists, scientists, industrialists, and even Senators, to define their terms.

The death of Sir Henry Dickens, last surviving child of Charles Dickens, has made available to the public a box of about a hundred letters deposited in the British Museum by the novelist's daughter, the late Mrs. Perugin, with the proviso that they were not to be opened during the lifetime of his children. Among them is a batch of letters with numerous references to Dickens's separation from his wife. The Museum has not as yet decided in what form the correspondence will be given to the public. For the time being they are to be sorted and placed on exhibition at the Museum.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

AFTER THE GREAT COMPANIONS. By CHARLES J. FINGER. *Dutton.* An "autobiographical account of the joys of reading."

THE THIN MAN. By DASHIELL HAMMETT. *Knopf.* A mystery story.

THE WORLD ALMANAC. Edited by ROBERT HUNT LYMAN. *New York World-Telegram.* An indispensable handbook.

This Less Recent Book:

RETURN TO YESTERDAY. By FORD MADOX FORD. *Liveright.* Reminiscences of literary and artistic personalities.

"READ IF YOU MUST, BUT STOP TURNING THE PAGES!"

To the Editor: *John Palmer Gavit on Hervey Allen's Article*

Apropos of Plagiarism

Sir: With great interest and considerable amusement I observe the controversy about the "sources" of "Anthony Adverse," which monumental compilation I have read with varying emotions but never with indifference. There's this about that book: Too long, undoubtedly—but tell me just where and how you would cut it. Think of it what you will, I have yet to meet anybody who didn't keep on to the end. Which isn't a bad test of any book. And after you are through with it, if you are reasonably discerning, you may vaguely realize that here is another "Pilgrim's Progress"—the story of the development of a character—a "soul," if you please—under stress of experience, from the vague objective perception of childhood to the Conquest of Circumstances, which in the final analysis is both the method and the aim of education. Consider, for instance, the persistent influence of that Franciscan monk. . . . Compare him with Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. Pursue this suggestion to suit yourself; it will be of no use for Mr. Allen to claim that this is what he was doing consciously. It's too late. Anyway, all this is another story; let's get back to the question of the sources.

Not even God Almighty ever made something out of nothing. In the first chapter of the Book of Genesis—if there is anything original it ought to be that—the second word in the Hebrew text, "bârâ," translated in the English as "created," does not mean "made out of nothing," or "created," in the sense usually attached to the word. It means *built*, out of materials previously existing; or "cut," "fashioned," as a tailor makes a garment out of fabrics. From this point of view the Almighty was an artist, combining pre-existing elements into something expressive of Himself. The allusion is peculiarly appropriate to the present controversy.

Show me some piece of writing, beginning with said Book of Genesis—itself a work of scissors-and-paste, if you get what I mean—in any language dead or alive and by no means excepting the Scandinavian—in which the author invented his own background, his plot, or any of the circumstances. Just one—take your time. Don't bother with Shakespeare, who was the most unconscionable thief of both background and plots—even details of dialogue—that ever got away with literary piracy.

To set up the presumption that a writer may not take background wherever he finds it lying around loose, especially in books that nobody else ever has seen, books that died one hundred years ago and never will be heard of again, is to set up a very difficult obstacle against any writing at all. Suppose I want to write a fiction-story and locate it in Cochin-China. Do I have to go there in person before I can utilize the background that I can get from reading the good stuff of others who did? Or, better still, India: even if I did go there myself, and wrote about it, should I have to credit Kipling, for instance, with such of my reactions to sounds and sights and stinks as I really owed to him?

There isn't an original idea in the world. The best that any writer can do is to put together in his own fashion and for his own purposes such thought-units as life in one way and another, including his acquaintance with the writings of other people, has given to him. To save his life he can't invent anything, because every conceivable experience has been enjoyed or suffered by others, and talked and written about, not once but thousands of times. The best he can do is to take the worn shreds of the human tapestry and rearrange them according to what he is pleased to call his own pattern. Mighty few are those whom I have ever met on any side of any ocean, who had ideas of their own on any subject. Most conversation, and writing too, consists of repeating what you heard within the last twenty-four hours or so on subjects about which in your own right and by your own achievement you know just a little less than nothing. In any event, the best you can do is to add a little flicker of that atom of consciousness that you call Yourself. That's what Shakespeare did: he took dead stuff out of the junk-heap, and made it *live*. That's what every artist does. That's what makes all the difference between a wood-chopper and a Corot, looking at the same tree.

Most of us live by picking each other's pockets. In which respect writers are no better than anybody else. As for editors, among whom for some fifty years I have been myself less than least—*caveat emptor*. There ought to be a law against stealing anything less than twenty-four hours off the press. After that, speaking by-and-large, print it again, with your own twist and slant. Few readers remember what they have read, even that long. The really great writers are for the most part those who can take the old dead stuff that you and I piddled with—very likely having stolen it at that from previous defuncts—and make it live. That is the best thing that Shakespeare did.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT.

New York City.

Russian Fairy Tales

SIR:—Another author and innovator, coming out of the past century, who needs careful transplanting in American soil at the present is, in my opinion, that greatest of contemporary Russian novelists, Alexei Remisov. He has written some of the most exquisite fairy tales within my knowledge. When the parnassian public of New England is able to appreciate the rare beauty and feeling of such literary events as Remisov's "The Fifth Pestilence" and "The Tinkling Cymbal and Sounding Brass" without too much moral shrinking of the soul, the American people will have sounded the first depths of a hitherto little investigated source of poetic prose, in which is embodied the rhythm of balanced understanding, the catholicism of literary values. . . .

I have said to myself when I have realized the distance existent between advocates of Joyce and Remisov and those who form the severe tribunal, the Iron Tradition, passing judgment on literary art, that literature in this country has its most exciting and decisive battles to face; and happy is he who makes his bit of defence.

DOROTHY BEAVER.

Derby, Conn.

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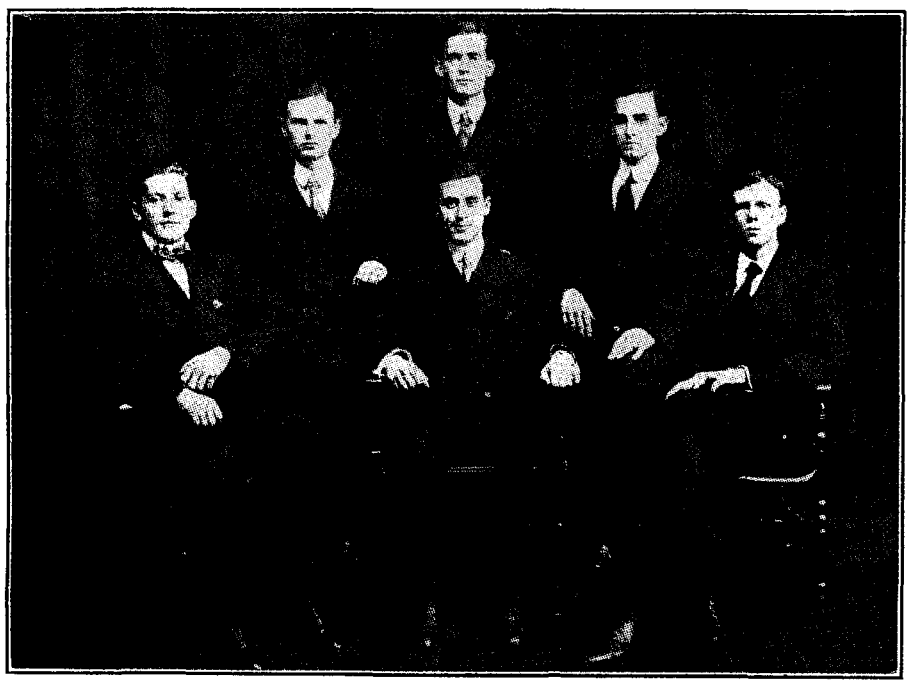
The Earlier Lewis

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONCE a man attains fame he is trailed by the "I-knew-him-when"-ers. I am not writing this article precisely in that spirit. At the request of the editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* I am setting down a few reminiscences concerning a man who was at one time one of my best friends, a man to some of whose early stages as a writer I was witness, a man for whom I have retained a sincere admiration as one of the most independent and honest spirits of our time. In certain formative years after leaving college—for I was late in developing a mature viewpoint—"Red" Lewis was one of the strongest influences in my life, and, I may say, a thoroughly beneficial one. That is not to say that we always got along well together. Our ideas often clashed. It is from such clashes, when you are young, that sparks are struck to kindle new ideas. The controversial battles of youth are necessary to growth.

I first heard of Harry Lewis, as he was called then—Sinclair being his middle name—when I was a Yale undergraduate. As he was in Yale College and I was in the Scientific School we had no occasion to meet. Second to the historic *Yale Literary Magazine* in those days there was another small literary magazine modeled somewhat upon Stone & Kimball's *Chap-Book*, known as the *Yale Courant*. Lewis was already drawing more books from the Yale library than, I believe, any undergraduate has before or since, and trying his prentice hand at writing, as he had doubtless done in school. It was quite natural that he quickly "made" both the *Lit* and the *Courant* and was elected to the Chairmanship of the latter. This office he almost immediately resigned to devote his literary energies to the *Lit*. I stood second in the *Courant* competition and succeeded



YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE BOARD, 1906
Sinclair Lewis at extreme right

to his vacated office. Therefore, one afternoon, passing the precincts of the *Lit* in a basement passage of White Hall, on the way to my own editorial cubicle, I happened to espy the fellow of whose brilliance and independence I had already heard. A long, gangling youth with a conflagrate head of hair was stretched out on a high window-seat smoking a pipe. He invited me in with a wave of the hand. We exchanged a few remarks, the usual "kidding," I think, of undergraduates.

A little later, of course, Lewis threw in his fortunes with Upton Sinclair's "Helicon Hall," where he wrote poetry while tending a socialistic furnace. He wrote a lot of verse in those days. He caused quite a stir at Yale by his eminently characteristic espousing of the socialist cause so early in his career. It seemed to me at the time an interesting and sporting thing to do. It still does.

I am not going to dwell on Sinclair Lewis's undergraduate literary efforts. Henry Mencken, who professes a low opinion of poetry in general is, I believe, still trying to suppress any reappearance of his own early poetic efforts. As a matter of fact, "Red's" undergraduate verse was not at all bad for those days. I have some of it still, clipped from old *Courants*. He soon began to sell verse here and there to New York magazines. I remember a most rollicking stave he wrote about a priest, highly laudatory of this particular priest's convivial spirit and called "Father Kileen." It was modeled upon the late Richard Hovey's "Barney McGee." At that time there was another man of literary promise in Yale College, Allan Updegraff. He and Lewis were great friends and were associates later, I think, on *Transatlantic Tales* in New York, where they set themselves to translating foreign masterpieces of fiction. Updegraff has since become a well-known novelist.

I never saw Lewis again, that I remember, in college. It was after graduation, in California, that my best friend, Henry Hoyt (Elinor Wylie's brother), wrote me that he had run into "Red" in New York, found him a great scout, and that Lewis was coming to the Coast. I must meet him. At that time Henry and I had decided, with the arrogance of youth, that most people were bovine and that a soul could be discerned in very few. By that we meant, I suppose, that most people had very little independence of mind or spirit. "Red," however, quite evidently had.

I had lately come back from across the Pacific as deck yeoman on an Army transport, and I decided now to take a trip to Carmel, California, to meet this avatar. I arrived over a sandhill in a creaking buckboard of some sort to have a lanky individual, in corduroys and sweater or something of the kind, topped by the bonfire of his hair, hail me from the door of a shack. I lighted down, and "Red" introduced me to our mutual dwelling. As I remember it, we sat up all that first night discussing the Christian religion. I was quite conventional in my religious views at that time and Lewis proceeded to give me all the benefit of the higher criticism. On the other hand, I contributed a song I had learned from an Army officer, a nonsense song which "Red" immediately caught up and proceeded to troll lustily. It became one of his favorites.

We spent some time in Carmel together. We got to know the late George Sterling, drank his muscadel and ate his abalone. We wrote and wrote. I was writing pretty bad verse and Lewis was, at the time, writing short stories considerably under the influence of Edith Wharton whose work he intensely admired. He was acting at Carmel as secretary for Grace MacGowan Cooke and her sister Alice MacGowan. Mrs. Cooke's daughter, Helen, whom we knew, later became the wife of Harry Leon Wilson. We were all great friends, even though Mrs. Cooke dubbed me "William the Silent," and "Red" somewhat annoyed Helen Cooke, solely out of his admiration for her, by chanting a most complimentary song about her which he had made up, entitled "A Fugitive Queen." "Red" and I swam in the Pacific, picnicked on the beach, took long walks, did our own cooking, and even tried experiments with our own laundry. I was amazed then, as I have been ever since, at the man's ability to reel off stories. On the way home from George Sterling's, through the Carmel woods, of a summer night, he would launch into some yarn that he had made up on the spur of the moment; and before we were back at our cottage—we had moved into better quarters due to the benevolence of a grand old lady who was then one of the leading spirits in Carmel—the whole story would have been completed in recitative. It was a marvellous performance, and apparently his fund of invention was inexhaustible. Also there were, as doubtless there are still—and as appears in "The Man Who Knew Coolidge"—the almost endless monologues in which he suddenly took on a character part, and the fantastic imaginings that would be worked out in the most intricate detail, till one almost screamed for surcease from the spate of words. From intense hilarity the man would also, at times, turn as grave and didactic as a Baptist minister and proceed to lay down the moral law, according to his own highly individual ideas, with an almost snarling earnestness that seemed to bode hell-fire for the unbeliever. It appeared as if Shelley himself could never have been more deeply stirred by the injustices and tyrannies of the economic order, or disorder.

My brain, to use Henry Hoyt's expression, was sometimes thoroughly "sandpapered" by the constant dissection of ideas, the questioning of every premise, the rovings of "Red's" insatiable curiosity concerning preconceived notions, and the constant challenge of his argument. And it did me a whole lot of good. This man was not content to stand and gaze at the horizon. He stalked forth immediately to crest the hill and find the next one. He may have come from Minnesota, but he was spiritually from Missouri, and had to be "shown." His intellect and his imagination were steaming up for the battle with life, and the ferment of young ambition in him shriveled up any "green sickness" of youth. The days of the making of a writer are days wonderful and absurd. "Red" himself has caught the yearning absurdity of such a period beautifully in his latest novel, "Work of Art," in the grand Swinburnian poem that the youngster in Black Thread chants from a rooftop. We had great days—as they seem to me now—days of typewriter-pounding with "great thoughts." Nights of conviviality and tremendous conversations. Once we "hiked" a long way down the Coast together, camping out at night. Then the time at Carmel came to an end.

Lewis took a job on the San Francisco *Bulletin* and I went back to Benicia Arsenal, the Ordnance post of which my father was then in command. I had "Red" out to stay at the Arsenal and meet my family. He took an immediate strong liking for my father whose enormous reading, individual mind, humorous disposition, and liking for discussion exhilarated him. My father retained a deep fondness for one he would always speak of as "Harry" Lewis, as he had known him. He admired the questing intelligence and the spiritual integrity of the man. Naturally they were usually on opposite sides of an argument—but then my father enjoyed that. In fact it was a habit of his to take the opposite side. Otherwise there was no sharpening of wits, no arraying of the whole armament of opinion. This was right up "Red's" street, and they would sit up half the night in an intellectual duello that fascinated them both.

Lewis returned to the East, and soon I followed him. He got me a hall bedroom next to his own larger room on Van Nest Place in the middle of Charles Street. That was long before the days when, as now, Seventh Avenue cut a swath through that section of town. So we lived in Greenwich

SINCLAIR LEWIS IN CALIFORNIA

Village, "Red" being employed by the Frederick A. Stokes firm of publishers, I as a cub editor on the old *Century Magazine*. The youth of that period was chiefly interested in sociological matters. It was some years before the war, and after the war the more or less disillusioned youth of America seemed to turn, in the Scott Fitzgerald days, toward intense individualism and the "eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die" attitude. Not so in that earlier time. Most of the young people were out to reform the world in one way or another—and, by Golly, the world was going to reform or know the reason why!

It was the day of the old *Masses* with Max Eastman and Floyd Dell as editors; of "The Working Girls' Home," namely the back room of O'Connor's old Café on the corner of Greenwich Avenue and Sixth, where beer flowed freely and music had charms—the place where John Masefield himself once tended bar. It was the day of "The Old Grapevine," long gone, up Sixth Avenue a few blocks, where were checker players and bar philosoph[ers] a cat that walked on the bar; it [was] day of the Anarchist Ball, where I [was] troduced to Emma Goldman; it was the day when Frances Perkins, now a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet, was laying the foundation for a notable career in labor matters; when Edna Kenton lived not so far off; when Union Square was a veritable Hyde Park for soap-box orators; when "Red" came home one day with news of a new Stokes author who had just swum into their ken, by name Edna Ferber; when John Reed managed to get some of my poetry into the *American Magazine;* when Sinclair Lewis, on his way from Sauk Centre to Stockholm, pounded furiously at his typewriter, in his Van Nest Place room, lit by a tattered welsbach, composing lyrics for a comic opera he was sure he was going to sell to George M. Cohan. At the same time he had become fascinated by aviation and journeyed out to Mineola to renew acquaintance with Captain Paul Beck, one of the first Army fliers, whom he had originally met in Benicia, California. He also took time off from the office and wrote Stokes a boys' book, about a boy aviator; and he was as busy as a bird-dog doing a thousand and one literary jobs and sitting up arguing till dawn.

Then "Red" wrote his first novel, "Our Mr. Wrenn," and got married. His second novel, "The Trail of the Hawk," reflecting his still strong interest in flying—the conquest of the air took a strong hold upon his vivid imagination—dealt in 1915 with a character in some ways the prototype of Lindbergh. In fact, when "The Spirit of St. Louis" did land at Le Bourget, taxying to a stop with no casualties in spite of the enormous onrushing crowd, it seemed to me as though an early Sinclair Lewis novel had come true. He had called the prophetic turn upon American history—I do not mean in exact achievement, I mean in the spirit of American aviation. Charles Lindbergh, with his upstanding liberal of a father, with his own Minnesota background, and his own sturdy independence, would have been just the sort of American "Red" could have novelised with vehemence and enthusiasm.

In my first marriage my wife and I lived hardly a stone's throw from the Lewises

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at Port Washington, Long Island. "Red" and I commuted on the same train of a morning; but I regret to say that his industry in that period quite put me to shame. While I was content to loll in the smoker with a newspaper, "Red" was in another car, secreted from the conversation of commuters, writing furiously upon a new book during the whole journey from Port Washington to New York. Was that "The Trail of the Hawk," or could it have been "The Job"? At any rate, it was when he was still being published by Harper's, before Alfred Harcourt had left Henry Holt and Company to set up his own shop and to become Sinclair Lewis's publisher. After jobs with *Adventure* and the Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate (under "Bill" Woodward, so well-known now as a biographer) "Red" had become editor for George H. Doran. He began to sell stories to *The Saturday Evening Post*, and "The Innocents" and "Free Air" came along in their time. I am not, however, sure of my dates here—and the rest is history: how he took "time out" to write the novel Alfred Harcourt believed would be his most vital, how he went to Washington to do it (where Henry Hoyt and I once dropped in upon him at the room apart from his home that he had rented for a workshop), how he produced "Main Street" with only the motive of giving as true a picture of his own Middle West as a scrupulous artist could give; and then, surprisingly to him, the fame and the fanfare.

The simile one instinctively thinks of first for Sinclair Lewis is "dynamo." He is the journalist *par excellence*. He has that absorbing curiosity about life without which no great writer was ever born. I was lucky to hear something of that curiosity stated in his earlier years, to be in contact for awhile with that keen and searching mind, to have my lazy thinking questioned and exposed by that searchlight intellect. Conversation with him was always intensely stimulating. He could suggest a myriad new ideas in half an hour. And there is one incident I remember well because it seems to me the essential Lewis. Not Lewis the critic of his country, though he has been a badly-needed satirist of its institutions and the flame of his rage against our national stupidities has been a splendid cauterization.

We were dining together one night, and to our table came a stranger, a travelling salesman, whose conversation I thought a great bore and whose personality afflicted my intolerance. But "Red" plunged into conversation with him. Before he knew it the man was revealing all his characteristic ways of thinking and emoting, as well as giving us a good slice of his life. I can remember that I still maintained a rather annoyed attitude. The type didn't appeal to me. Then the man left and "Red" turned to me with a most quizzical smile. "Do you like that type of fellow?" I said—or words to that effect—believing my toplofty attitude to be inalienably the right one. "That's the trouble with you, Bill," said "Red" (or words to *that* effect), "you regard him as *hoi polloi*, he doesn't even represent the cause of labor or anything dramatic—but I understand that man—by God, I love him."

Of course this is misquoted after all these years; but what I am trying to convey is that Sinclair Lewis does love the essential humanness of people. He can be savagely against the ideas they may hold; just as he can scourge, and has scourged America, for many things. But when he said, as he did recently, that he loved this country, he said the truth. He is fundamentally an American. No other soil could have grown him. And he is a better thing than a humanist, he is a human-beingist. I think it is one of Fannie Hurst's titles—"Every Soul has its Song." That is what Sinclair Lewis fundamentally believes. And he can extort that song from even the queerest kinds of human beings. I'll bet he could easily extort it from the most laconic of red Indians! And that is why when two or three of us who have "known him when" are gathered together, though we may criticize him for this or that now and again, we usually end up by smiling into space at some particularly vivid reminiscence of him, and murmur to ourselves, "A great scout, 'Red'!"

The Lady of the Lakes

(*Continued from first page*)

His style is a model of restraint, economy, and vigor, free from ostentation, and entirely appropriate to the subject.

Dorothy Wordsworth was a poem, indeed, and the source of poetry in her brother and in Coleridge. Her aptitude for discovering interest in things and persons furnished matter for their imaginations to mould into poetic form. She was their first audience. To her sensitive understanding they addressed their ideas; on her delicate language sense they tried their words; by her fine ear they tested the music of their lines. They recognized her as their equal in the basic appreciation of human nature and poetic expression, however superior they may have felt themselves to be in knowledge of books. A more indirect, but almost equally useful, contribution to their success was her unselfish, constant attention to practical affairs affecting their comfort and happiness. In this she was like many other good women everywhere and through all time, by whose advice, encouragement, and protection from petty cares men have been enabled to do their work.

It is pleasant to observe that William Wordsworth's character for generosity, tenderness of heart, and thoughtful attention to his family and friends is enhanced by the intimate revelations in this book. Mary, his wife, is shown to have been a wise and lovable woman. Coleridge does not fare so well. We find here many new pieces of testimony that Wordsworth gave him much money out of his own very limited supply; helped to support his children, and afforded him unrestricted hospitality. Not only William, but even more the women of his household, Dorothy, Mary, and Sarah her sister, were infinitely patient with him when for long weeks he stayed in their already over-crowded house, a querulous, irresponsible guest.

DOVE COTTAGE ABOUT 1805
From "Dorothy Wordsworth," by Ernest de Selincourt

Dorothy's own literary qualities—observation, sympathy, style—were of a very high order. Jane Austen is the only other woman of English race and speech who comes quite up to her level. Perhaps one should add the author of "Cranford" and "Mary Barton"; or perhaps such comparisons are altogether to be avoided! *Peccavi*. Her style at least, in its sweet simplicity, is absolutely perfect for narration and description. Her qualities were feminine: accuracy of observation, interest in details, delicacy of feeling, tenderness of heart, devotion to those whom she loved. It is her distinction to have been a woman of eminent literary genius chiefly because in her all womanly virtues were present and harmoniously combined. Her character, too, might serve as an example for all time. It has an eternal fitness and is not of her epoch alone nor merely of her country. She was free from vanity, bigotry, superstition, and triviality. Many of her contemporaries of the upper and middle classes in England were either complacently conformist or excitedly mystical in their religious behavior, eighteenth-century indifference surviving in some, nineteenth-century enthusiasm beginning to stir in others. She, on the other hand, was practically religious, if religion consists in reverence for what is best and highest and in loving-kindness to one's fellowmen; but from these records she appears to have been neither a closely attached church-woman nor a bibliolater; rather, she found divine admonitions in her heart, in nature, and in the demands of duty. Her reading was extensive, yet she was no bluestocking. She loved company, and found it as attractive "in huts where poor men lie" as in great men's houses. She had a cheerful disposition, which was kept fresh by incessant useful activity and much exercise in the open air. She loved Coleridge with something more than sisterly or comradely affection—with romantic attachment, firmly restrained; but she loved her brother more.

The family tradition that her physical and mental breakdown in her fifty-eighth year was due to having taken excessively long walks is not confirmed by the testimony of this book. Nor is it apparent that it was caused by too much housework, though this may have contributed. There was cause enough in the intensity of her emotions, strained again and again by William's complications with Annette Vallon, by her brother John's death, by Coleridge's defection from their friendship and from his own high calling. She was always at the disposal of a large family connection when someone was needed to nurse the sick or take care of children or entertain visitors. If it be said that these and the ordinary cares of cooking and cleaning are, after all, the lot of most women the world over, it should be remembered that an equal amount of intellectual labor was also her portion. She was amanuensis, critic, secretary, and outdoor companion to a very active-minded poet, who was also a statesman, and when Coleridge was with them her intellectual tasks were more than doubled. It was in 1829 that her bodily health failed, and soon afterwards her bright intellect was dimmed. She survived till 1855, tenderly cherished by her family. Professor de Selincourt wisely withdraws our gaze at the point where darkness fell.

In spite of all her vicarious suffering, in spite of the demands made on her physical strength, and in spite of copying millions of words for her brother, which she was glad to do since they were his, and also in some sense hers, Dorothy was a happy girl and woman during her fifty-seven years of health. Her own writings, many of which are now for the first time published, make this evident. Fully half of the volume consists of her language, and this is well. The biographer has effaced himself judiciously.

Professor de Selincourt has wisely refrained from including the only known portrait of Dorothy, which was taken late in her life and bears no resemblance to the sane, healthy, lovable woman whom Hazlitt, De Quincey, and others describe. He has enriched his book with the beautiful and significant Edridge drawing of her brother, with which most people are unfamiliar but which is one of the best portraits of the poet. Facsimiles of Dorothy's handwriting are also given.

Altogether this is a notable biography, written by a true scholar, who to his rich equipment of knowledge adds discrimination, distinction of thought, and a charming style.

Going Nowhere

YOUTH CAN'T BE SERVED. By Norah Hoult. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

WHETHER or not youth can or must be served the three young people in Miss Hoult's novel receive no help from outside in their struggles against a world that takes little thought of the individual as such. But the middle-aged are no better off. The mother and father in the novel have never succeeded for a moment in understanding themselves, and their children appear to them not only headstrong and incomprehensible but perverse as well. With these five people, each inward looking and hastily impatient of the others, Miss Hoult works out the unhappy drama of uncongenial family life. Ancient history used to teach that the family is the cornerstone of the state; modern fiction finds it the beginning of most evil.

The Boyces live outside London. Mr. Boyce has as little as possible to do with his family, and while he means no particular harm he does no particular good. His feeble revenge on life for cheating him of romance is a constant barrage of sarcasm directed at his wife and children. Shut fast in his study, reading and dreaming of strange places, he can achieve a mirage like happiness for himself. No help here for youth.

Mrs. Boyce knows what mothers should be like if children would only be what children should. She could love and listen to a son who thought of her first, daughters who turned to her for advice on familiar problems, but these daughters and son who tell her nothing, whose problems are beyond her guessing, snatch from her a coveted role she had hoped to play. She can turn to them only a sweet, false face.

One of the daughters finds her own way out easily and complacently. She becomes engaged to an automobile salesman and refuses to look beyond this private haven.

It is the other children, Eileen and Ronald, who wage the conflict against an uninterested world. Feeling themselves to be "different" because they want more than they can have and desire to do more than lies within possibility, they ease their unrest by breaking away from home. Separately they go to London to seek freedom. They find new bondages.

Haphazardly, since she has no definite drive in any direction, Eileen decides to try the stage. She joins a school of drama called "the Pansy" and settles in stuffy lodgings with an uncongenial semi-friend. Classes, movies, slovenly living, and furtive little sorties into romance make up a life no richer than that at home. Another break for freedom leads only to uglier surroundings and further hopelessness. Briefly, in contact with love, Eileen attains actuality. From being just any girl playing at life, she becomes for a few days an individual in her own right in earnest grip with something real.

Ronald runs a different course. He wants to be social minded, to make the world a better place for man to live in. He passes from Fabian socialism to Social Revolutionism. He attends meetings and canvasses votes, but all his activities are tinged with the same unreality that marks Eileen's more personal attempts to find herself. Love eludes him on whatever plane he seeks her.

These are the Boyces,—the futile lot of them. A short epilogue shows them all more content after a few years. Husband and wife reconciled to each other's inadequacies, Jean married, and Ronald and Eileen sinking into the conventional grooves which will carry them to a mediocre middle age. Norah Hoult presents her characters vividly, she creates groups in self-absorbed activities that can scarcely be bettered as self-revealing and self-destroying portraiture, and she keeps her narrative clear of impediment, but when all the characters in a novel are as unprepossessing as the Boyces and all so busily going nowhere the novel itself takes on something of dulness and indirection. The parts stand out with their separate merits but they are unfortunately greater than their whole.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Some Thin Paper

ONE day in February 1819, Keats wrote one of his journal-letters to George and Georgiana Keats. It appeared that there was nothing very remarkable to report. He had been indoors with a sore throat. He had been visiting some friends. "Nothing worth speaking of happened. . . . I took down some thin paper and wrote on it a little poem called St. Agnes's Eve."

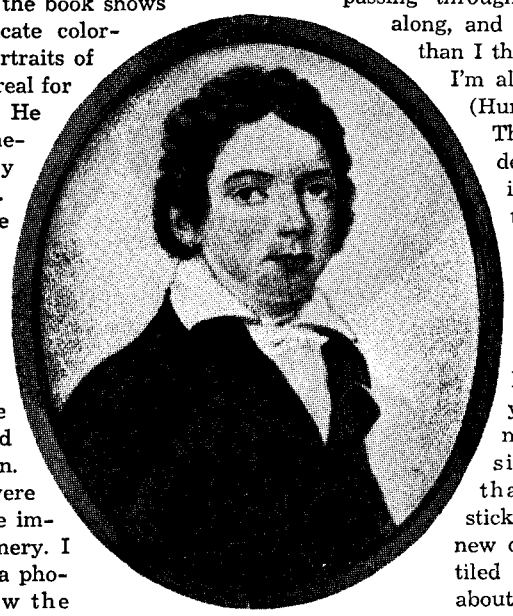
It is not to be forgotten that with all his delicacy of emotional perception Keats was also a master of simple understatement. When, a year before his death, he suffered the hæmorrhage which he suspected was the beginning of the end, his only comment was, "This is unfortunate."

The Keats of legend, long abandoned by all genuine readers, was always refuted by the Letters. Perhaps all easy typifications are false. The modern Advertising Man is also falsified by legend. Mr. Earle Weller, for instance, a busy expert in space and copy in San Francisco, has for years spent his off hours studying Keats. He has now published his remarkable *Autobiography of John Keats* (Stanford University Press, $5.00). Basing his work on the final edition of Keats's Letters as collected by Maurice Forman, by a little tactful editing, omission of salutations and valedictions, a few transpositions of names and pronouns, he has put the letters and prose fragments of the poet together so that they become a continuous narrative. Though we may have been familiar with this material for years, it gains extraordinary power and cumulating intensity when read thus, as a story. Mr. Weller prefaces Keats's own narrative with the famous account of the schoolboy days written by Charles Cowden Clarke (first published over here in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1861). He concludes with Severn's terrible description of the Last Days in Rome.

Keats's Letters, as manly and moving a transcript of human character as our literature affords, justify all those who have groaned in secret at the inescapable horrors of writing for public print. If I could write it as for a private friend (one has so often thought) what freedom, what joy! No fit person should ever be allowed to grow old without having read Keats's Letters. They show, perhaps, not that poets (a word that has grown to have uncomfortable overtones) are different from other men, but that all men are to some extent poets. Keats at a prize-fight, a card-game, a dance, a music party, at the theatre, or drinking a little too much wine, is someone we can understand. Perhaps literature is never so great as when it seems to be what all have thought but not bothered to put down. Do we not love him better for a sparkle of young candor? "I did not feel very sorry at the idea of the women being a little profligate." He was sometimes alarmed at his own "horrid morbidity of temperament" (as I dare say most of us have been) but his sense of comedy was equally keen. Of the all too human perfume of a crowded gallery at the play, he remarked "though it was but a shilling still you had to pay through the nose."

I think nothing could have pleased Keats more than the fact that a hundred years and more after his death the youngest generation would be getting from his work their first great thrill in poetry. Perhaps no poet has done more to implant the germinal ecstasy in others. At any rate that was so in my own epoch, and I think it is still true. But Keats known only in his poems is not the whole Keats. We need to know the boy who was invited to a party to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday and said, "Shakespeare would stare to see me there!" When he went on a walking trip in Scotland he was thrilled by the Highland fling. He admired the boys and girls at their capers: "Some beautiful faces and one exquisite mouth. I never felt so near the glory of patriotism, the glory of making by any means a country happier. This is what I like better than scenery."

One of the treasures of Mr. Weller's fine book is a miniature of Keats never published before. It was painted by Charles Hayter who was "esteemed for the correctness of his likenesses." Mr. Weller tells us that the little painting (on ivory, in a gold frame; with a lock of Keats's hair in the back) was probably once owned by Leigh Hunt, and was "hidden for scores of years in a small art and antique shop in London." We can only reproduce it here in crude black and white; the frontispiece of the book shows its clear and delicate coloring. But all the portraits of Keats are too ethereal for my private taste. He was not just something graciously tinted on ivory. With all his fine sensitive intuition he was much more than a complex of emotional responses. There was a clear sardonic intelligence also; a sombre and acute observation. He knew there were many things more important than scenery. I wish there were a photograph to show the lines on his face. The man who disliked "the favour of the public" and lamented that the life of Jesus had been transmitted "by men interested in the pious frauds of religion" had learned very early to think for himself. "I have that in me which will bear the buffets of the world."



JOHN KEATS
From a miniature by Charles Hayter (Now owned by Earle V. Weller)

No lover of Keats has done more than Mr. Weller to bring the man alive to us. The Letters, no matter how long known and loved, gain new impact from this method of putting them together. They cannot be read without the most profound twinges, but they might make better men of us. They isolate the bacillus of poetry and show us what it looks like. They show the intense and furious grasp of actuality, of the details of Now, which is one symptom of the disease.

> The candles are burnt down and I am using the wax taper—which has a long snuff on it—the fire is at its last click—I am sitting with my back to it with one foot rather askew upon the rug and the other with the heel a little elevated from the carpet—I am writing this on the *Maid's Tragedy*, which I have read since tea with great pleasure. . . . It would be a great delight to know in what position Shakespeare sat when he began "To be or not to be"—such things become interesting from distance of time or place.

A casual salute he paid to a fellow-singer lingers in my mind. It was at the beginning of the last illness, when already he suspected that his dream of happiness was not to be fulfilled. "That thrush is a fine fellow. I hope he was fortunate in his choice this year."

GRILLPARZER ON WHEELS

[A young client of ours has been travelling and adventuring in Europe and in Asia Minor. When last heard from he had entered a monastery "to collect his thoughts," which is one of the best forms of collecting. Since the Green has often alluded to Grillparzer, I print here an extract from one of S. H.'s letters in honor of his having named his bicycle after that poet.]

BETWEEN WIEN AND BUDAPEST

I've bought another bicycle, in Vienna. He's called "Franz" for Franz Grillparzer, the Shakespeare of Austria. How could I tell that the trains would be so unbearable, fettered and bound to schedule, wasting hours waiting for changes, stop-offs and seeing nothing, meeting no one. It's marvellous to go tearing off where and how I like again. As you may have noticed, I have left Vienna. I'm on the border of Hungary in an inn yard, waiting for a storm to decide whether it is going to do it or not. I'm going to Budapest, "Pearl of the Danube," "Queen of the Balkans." It's actually more expensive to go by bicycle than by train when all is figured up, but there is no price on the difference in the quality of the traveling. One sees nothing from the train and all the large cities are alike.

Well, I have moved. It's night and I have come to my first Hungarian city. Hungary is absolutely marvellous! I'm afraid I am going to like it as much as Germany. The bike makes all the difference between seeing the country and passing through it. We whizzed along, and I'm much farther than I thought I should be. I'm already in Roab or (Hungarian) Gyor.

The countryside defies description. It is flat, and has all that an artist could put into flat, placid landscapes. The houses are low, one storied, painted immaculately white or yellow; fabulously neat from the outside. They have thatched roofs of sticks. Some times a new one has an orange tiled roof. Clustered about it are old sheds, beaten gray by the rain. Fences of gray sticks, flat against each other, like Normandy hedge, make a gray drop for bushes of light, early spring green. Trees of differing hue break the lines of the long fields. Huge hay stacks of bright khaki color stand in the shorn fields. They are shaped in two parts, one large and one small, like a head and body. They look like bright tan elephants kneeling before Buddha. The women wear scarves on the heads, long red skirts, and bare feet. At last I've found a land crowded with atmosphere.

I'm living in a hotel. I have a large room, with twin beds. It costs, with the ever present police record, two pengos and 84 hellers. That's fifty cents. I went to dinner at the restaurant below. The meal was delicious. I couldn't stop. This European cooking is an absolute art. You know I never paid much attention to food before, but here it is a dream, an object for life. I had a soup, most savory, with brown bread, then lamb or veal, I can't tell, cooked just as I like it, with a crisp edge; thick red gravy. Three strips of meat. Potatoes just browned. String beans in a thick soupy dressing. A glass of sparkling, sour wine. It cost 14 hellers, about three cents. Can you imagine it all? The wine would have cost a dollar in the States. For a dollar here you could buy gallons and gallons. Then came two little dry biscuits. Then a cup of chocolate with whipped cream piled up an inch thick. I knew I was being extravagant. I could see the bill rising over the dollar mark, but I was bound to splurge. I topped it off with a cake of nut icing, tipped with a cherry. I trembled when I asked for the bill. Thirty-seven cents!

I bought a great big glass of wine, 36 hellers (six cents), and took it to the room while I write this letter. It's gone now. I'm going to buy another and sleep for ten hours.

I bought only a one night visé. It cost a dollar. I ought to have a two dollar one, but the officer at the border didn't know German well and I can misunderstand most conveniently, so I got by. I don't know whether they will let me out, but I'm going to try it. I won't understand a word of German and I can't understand Hungarian. I just went down for another glass of wine. It's becoming more difficult to unlock the door every time I go down.

Did I tell you my faux pas about mattress? In Germany the word for mattress and the word for sailor are much alike. I told a young girl hiker that she ought not to sleep in the Jugendherberge in Regensburg because she would have to sleep on the floor with a dirty sailor.

The people here can't figure me out. They all stare, and some of them laugh. They are in a combustion of curiosity to know my family history. I never saw such inquisitive people. You see, I'm wearing Checkish shoes, huge things with flapping slashed tongues and buckles; Tyrolean mountain socks; knickers of a cut and color not worn here, a Checkish shirt of corn-flower blue with a silver zipper down the front and a Barrymore collar; a gray velvet Bavarian jacket which looks like a theatre usher's coat. I need a hair cut, which is a slight Bohemian touch, and I've grown a thick, *dark*, little moustache. Really, it's a surprise. I grew it in Heidelberg at the inspiration of J. W., who convinced me that the thing has actual cash value in increased service and respect.

S. H.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

SIR:—Since you have resumed the annual *escarmouche* about Sherlock Holmes, may I point out that Mr. Vincent Starrett, in his recent agreeable memoir, is surely in error in saying, "It was in 1902 that Conan Doyle received his knighthood from a grateful Queen." The Queen died in January, 1901.

Whatever beverage your Holmes-and-Watson club chooses for its ceremonial luncheon, it had better not be the wine of Beaune. For the good Doctor told us (*The Sign of Four*, chapter I) that Beaune at lunch made him irrita[illegible]

GA[illegible]

A number of correspondents kindly informed me of the authorship of the verse about which Mr. Don Marquis inquired (Bowling Green, Jan. 6). F. P. A. says it first appeared in his column *The Conning Tower* (New York *Tribune*). It is by Sarah N. Cleghorn and is to be found in her *Portraits and Protests* (Henry Holt, 1917). We misquoted it slightly; the correct version is:—

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And see the men at play.

The inquiry elicited a surprising number of letters, including one which ascribed the lines, slightly altered, to a different author. An unexpectedly vigorous comment came from L. L. T., rector of a suburban church, who writes:—

> "I can't imagine what joy Don might find in knowing the source of this scrap. It has always seemed to be the cheapest sort of propaganda; and, as verse, a mere jingle. Like so many verses composed by warm hearts and hot heads, it presents a false antithesis. The best known poem by the same author, which plays on volatile sentimentalities, is 'Comrade Jesus.' . . . I hope you will release yourself of your opinions on this type of compositions. . . . It is well to damn child labor, but not by artificial contrast. . . . I have seen many business men—harried and hounded twelve hours a day—taking innocent relaxation and exercise on the course; and numerous doctors who make plenty of night calls to bring the babies of the working class into the world. . . . The attack is sensible; but the technique of argument is illogical, and juxtaposition of pictures caters to maudlin emotions and imaginary class distinctions. . . . Thus, in short, is my bosom bared."

One interesting phase of the Economic Abyss has been the genteel euphemisms carefully employed by trade. Prices, for instance, rarely came down; they were "readjusted." So I was delighted to see, in an ad in the New York *Times*, the other day, that our old friend the Collection Man is now known as an "Arrears Negotiator."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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FIRST LOVE AND LAST

A NOVEL BY

Howard Coxe

Remembering all the different kinds of novels about young and old love—

Remembering particularly Sackville-West's beautifully-wrought story in ALL PASSION SPENT

And also, endeavoring to call up for you the exquisite beauty and truth of FIRST LOVE AND LAST, recalling Logan Pearsall Smith's remark—

"If we shake hands with icy fingers,
it is because we have burnt them
so horribly before"

we introduce a new kind of novel by a young American writer

It is the story of an elderly woman who had once, and only once, loved That ecstatic happiness that belongs only to youth had been hers years ago when she was Sally—not Miss Sara

But we see her first as Miss Sara. And then slowly the years are rolled back, the scene widens, events become more and more turbulent And the close comes on that love affair, the most intense moment of Miss Sara's life

For many lives, and for many books about them, events march slower with the flight of youth, until finally they dwindle, just as existence does. But FIRST LOVE AND LAST reverses the picture, and achieves a simple, poignant reality

FIRST LOVE AND LAST is the rich kind of novel that gives readers a memorable experience and publishers the happy task of recommending without reserve a new book by a new author

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A Critic's Career

WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL. By Gertrude Hall Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD S. MARTIN

WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL was the kind of man whose opinion, if he had one, one liked to know. That was not only because he had a good mind and a just one, but because of a wide range of knowledge that qualified him to reach interesting conclusions on a large variety of subjects. He lived to be regarded as the leading critic of his time in this country. That reputation was based chiefly on a succession of books following "French Traits" and continuing to the end of his life. "French Traits" appeared in 1888. Brownell's reputation has lasted and will last, and it is very agreeable, especially in these times when standards shift so fast and all the bases of thought seem to be changing, to have him and his views and his deliverances brought back to memory and to meditation. That has been done by his widow, Mrs. Gertrude Hall Brownell, in her book about him. About half of it is an anthology of his writings and the rest "biographical notes and impressions of the later years."

Brownell was born in August, 1851, in New York, and died at Williamstown, Massachusetts, July 22, 1928. The story of his life, as Mrs. Brownell has told it, covers his childhood, giving his own memories of it and of life in Buffalo, his school days, his years at Amherst College, and eleven subsequent years that he spent as a journalist, eight with the *World*, three with the *Nation*. The editor of the *World* of his day (1871 to 1879) was Manton Marble, and its writers included William Henry Hurlbert, Ivory Chamberlain, Montgomery Schuyler, A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), George T. Lanigan, W. L. Alden, and others. The *World* then was totally different from what it became after Pulitzer bought it in 1883. It was scholarly and amusing. Hurlbert had reputed eccentricities of behavior which, wrapped in mystery, and believed to be wicked, added to the interest he inspired. He had been a Unitarian minister and had written hymns and was full of talent both in writing and discourse. Lanigan had an ample endowment of Irish wit and melody, wrote poems (the "Ahkoond of Swat" was one of them), and "Fables Out of the World," which were illustrated by Frost. Brownell, starting as a reporter, promptly became city editor. He stayed on the *World* for eight years. The atmosphere of such a paper was a school and must have been very valuable to him. In it he could not fail to learn about the world he lived in nor yet about writing for publication.

But after eight years he went to the *Nation* and Godkin, having meanwhile married Miss Virginia Swinburne, and in October, 1881, went to Europe to stay there nearly three years. That seems to have been his greatest exploit in education, for count all these things he did as of the nature of education and contributory to his understanding of life and letters. Thanks perhaps to his service as a journalist, in spite of all that he came to know about painting, sculpture, and writing of all sorts, he never crystallized into an academic fixture but remained a human being. After he got back from Europe and his studies there he served a term on the staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, and in January, 1888, became associated with Charles Scribner's Sons, where as literary adviser he continued to be one of the mainstays of that publishing establishment for forty years. He was happy there and very valuable. He had no children. One child by his first marriage died in infancy. His first wife, a graduate of Vassar, herself interested in the concerns of the mind and an original Trustee of Barnard College, suffered a nervous breakdown in 1897, and after fourteen years of semi-invalidism died in 1911 just as she seemed to be recovering. Ten years after that, in 1921, he married Miss Gertrude Hall.

Brownell lived and moved in a world of letters, art, and music. Homer Martin, the painter, and the Blashfields were among his intimate friends. If there was a writer, painter, or sculptor that was worth knowing, he knew him, or, anyhow, knew his work and thought about him. One of his errands in France was to observe Rodin. To be a critic one needs knowledge, familiarity with what one talks about, and a power of analysis. If a man likes a painting he should know why he likes it. If one landscape is good, another not so good, he should be able to expound the reasons for the difference, and the same, of course, holds for books. But the instrument by which Brownell measured was his own instructed intelligence, not by rule of thumb in anything, nor by stated ordinances of taste.

Mrs. Brownell's anthology from his writings that take up more than half of her book may be examined with new interest to see in particular how well Brownell's estimates have held through a period of unprecedented changes. His last book, "Democratic Distinction in America," was published in 1927, so his published writings came through the war and the years of recuperation that followed it and down to the edge of what is sometimes called "The Great Tribulation" and the social reorganization now proceeding. Whatever he would have thought of it, it would not have scared him, and he would have watched its details unfold with a most intelligent interest.

* *

Edward S. Martin was for many years one of the editors of Life, *as well as writer of "The Editor's Easy Chair" in* Harper's Magazine.

Two Books on Poland

POLAND. By Roman Dyboski. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $5.

POLAND—LAND OF THE WHITE EAGLE. By Edward C. Corsi. New York: Wyndham Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN P. MIZWA

THE second of these books is the result of its author's contact with Poland and the Poles on two different occasions. In 1920 Captain Corsi served as Flight Commander in the Kosciuszko Squadron during the Polish-Bolshevik war. Then the country was ruined and the people engaged in a desperate struggle for their very existence. Recently he made a more leisurely trip through Poland and noticed great changes for the better. Hence this story.

"Poland—Land of the White Eagle" is neither a history of Poland nor an analysis of the present conditions. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to the story of the "high lights" of Poland's past—the birth of the nation, experiments with democracy under elective kings, the period of partition, and the World War—and one-third to impressions of contemporary Poland. There is also a brief chapter on "Poles in America." Over fifty illustrations from cities and countryside give the reader interesting glimpses into the land "that is both ancient and new." The whole story is told interestingly in a simple style.

Professor Dyboski's "Poland" is obviously intended for those who already know something of Poland's history or are more interested in its present than its past. It is a remarkable piece of work, and a distinct contribution to the growing literature on the subject of reborn Poland.

By way of review of the background of the book the author devotes the first two chapters to "The Old Poland" and "Poland under Foreign Rule." A thousand years of history of the country which "presents in many ways a unique and therefore most fascinating spectacle" in European annals is synthetized into less than sixty pages. Territorial changes, foreign and domestic policies, minority questions, economic forces, social movements, religious issues, and achievements in arts and sciences are marshalled before the reader with literary skill and a keen sense of value. The bulk of the work deals with contemporary Poland since the world war.

It is not a history of wars and rulers; it is a study of a nation at work, a comprehensive analysis of what the Poles are doing or attempting to do in the various fields of endeavor, complete, scholarly, and interesting.

* *

Stephen P. Mizwa is executive director of the Kosciuszko Foundation.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

CHARLES CHURCHILL

SEVERAL months ago the Viking Press put forth two volumes of the poems of *Charles Churchill* in an edition of which they had imported one hundred and twenty-five copies. This is the King's Printers' edition, edited by *James Laver* and limited to six hundred copies for the world. The King's Printers' Editions are designed primarily to make important texts available under the best possible editorship. It is interesting to see the work of this eighteenth century satirical poet revived under these circumstances.

Charles Churchill wrote chiefly in the heroic couplet though he also used octosyllabic metre. Curate and priest in his time, his licentiousness became such as to cause him to forfeit all preferment. He was a great friend of that Wilkes, the maltster's son, who attacked the government of Bute, and whom Churchill aided with his satires in this attack. The latter died at the early age of thirty-three, and Horace Walpole wrote "Churchill the poet is dead—to the great joy of the Ministry and the Scotch." No one ever satirized the Scotch more ferociously.

But the attack in verse that first brought Churchill fame was his "The Rosciad," whose shafts were launched against the actors of the day, excepting only Garrick, who was not, however, excepted in its sequel. A large bulk of a man, frankly given to wenching, Churchill possessed a courage and a formidable frame that saved him from physical retaliation. He attacked Hogarth at length in his verse, because of a political cartoon; he attacked Doctor Johnson; and, in his later work, in *The Times,* he launched a scathing broadside against the homosexuality of his day—which might impress us more if we did not know Churchill's own rampant, though normal, sensuality, He was a member of the famous Hell-Fire Club, with Sir Francis Dashwood, Wilkes, Bubb Dodington, and others, who held their revels in the ruined Cistercian abbey near Marlow.

The trouble with reading Churchill is that he was a topical writer, and one must be thoroughly conversant with eighteenth century politics to derive full satisfaction from his long satires in heroic couplets. Frankly, today, they seem rather inflated and boring. To read of his life is more interesting, in general, than to read his verse. His attack upon the theatre may have been justified, and yet it seems rather currish. As to his being against Bute or for him—who cares now? Mr. Laver's notes upon the text are, however, a thoroughly good job and contain much interesting information concerning the time. His introduction on Churchill is thoroughly readable, and his accuracy seems to be unquestionable. He quotes John Wilkes as saying "It is an observation of Swift that out of the bills of mortality nobody understands stars, feign'd names, or hints," and, in regard to the people he was pillorying, Churchill was lavish of these. Lucky is that worthy of the past who only lives because he was spat at by Pope! But most of those against whom Churchill inveighed in his time are now as dead to us as dead can be.

OFF THE RESERVATION

My Ada, Oklahoma correspondent, the poet *Welborn Hope,* sends me the following account of wintering among the wild tribes of the West:

> Just a note to tell you that my muse and I are camping for the winter south of the Arkansas river, at a lonely point between the Washita and Blue rivers. We have the advantage of a very comfortable dugout beside a beautiful spring; we are well-provisioned with jerked meat, but we are short of whisky. I am expecting a deal of trouble with the wild Baptists, who have been growing restive here lately, resenting the encroachments of civilization. A large band of them is encamped a few miles away, and I have been hearing their tom-toms, and seeing the smoke from their signal-fires. They are mad as hell at the government on account of its liquor views, and they have a grizzled old charlatan making bad medicine, and pumping them full of pizen-and-hellfire at their powwows. I understand they are allied with a ferocious band of Holy-Rollers, who see the sign of the devil in the NRA emblem, having found it in the Bible. They are always digging up a hatchet from somewhere in the Bible. The Bible reservation is full of danger now.
>
> To the north of us, are a good many Methodists; they have been running rabbits for their winter meat, and seem friendly enough, but you can never tell about Methodists. I am a half-breed Methodist myself, and know their ways.
>
> I am not so much worried about a Baptist uprising, as I am about our whisky giving out before spring. My muse, that scarred old battleaxe of the prairies, can handle all the Baptists that show up on the warpath. If we survive the winter, how sweetly may she warble, when the geese go north over the beautiful Bible country, when its balmy air along the Chisholm Trail is spiced with sassafras, and when the white of its dogwood and hawthorn is shot with the flame of its red bud.
>
> Why don't you and your muse come out and join us this spring? Please bring some good liquor with you. I know where there's a buffalo, and we can go run him, if you like.

KEYBOARD CONTROVERSY

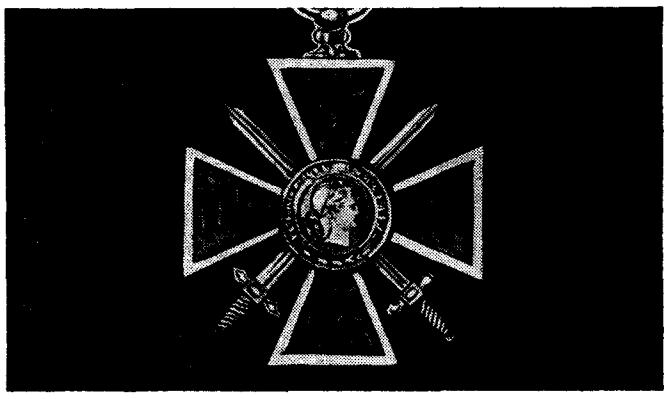
Eugene Manlove Rhodes writes me from Pacific Beach, California:

> Either I missed your former mention of the QWERTYUIOP Club, or it didn't register. Be that, etc., I should be a member. I contributed over that signature to *Jules Livingstone's* column in the *Binghampton Republican,* circa 1910-1914. Enclosed is my "reaction" to *Mr. Dealy* on the QWERTYUIOP Club in the *Phœnix Nest* for December 30th:
>
> *What makes my typescript fine?*
> *TUHID ASONE.*
> *What makes my face to shine?*
> *TUHID ASONE .*
> *What, when my task is o'er*
> *Makes my poor fingers sore?*
> *O, it is playing with*
> *TUHID ASONE.*
>
> *What lets my left hand rest?*
> *TUHID ASONE.*
> *What keyboard is the best?*
> *TUHID ASONE.*
> *What, helped by Beelzebub,*
> *Broke th' QWERTYUIOP Club?*
> *O, 'twas your cruel snub,*
> *TUHID ASONE.*

CAROLINA PLAYMATES

Mrs. Waldeen H. White of Jamestown, North Carolina, sends me some interesting news from that state, together with a sprig of flowering quince, which I am charmed to have. She has lately been to an annual directors' meeting of the Carolina Dramatic Association at Chapel Hill:

> The meeting began in the morning in The Playmakers Theatre with greetings from *Professor Frederick H. Koch,* continued with panel discussions on playwriting, acting, stagecraft, and costuming; removed for luncheon to a leaded-paned reception room where eats and speeches came on merrily; continued again in the Theatre for the afternoon with presentation of one-act plays and folk dances; and concluded with an evening's celebration of Twelfth Night, Old Christmas, at which annual frolic the delegates were guests of The Carolina Playmakers.
>
> You will be interested, perhaps, to know that one of the plays, a Carolina folk comedy, was done by an all-Negro cast from Shaw University of Raleigh, North Carolina. It shared honors with an uproarious original melodrama of the gay nineties, extemporaneously acted by certain of the association's directors and entitled, "Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine!"
>
> The program of Southern Mountain folk songs and Old English folk dances which concluded the afternoon performances deserves special mention. These were delightfully done by children as well as adults and were the contribution to the day's festivities of Richard Chase, a recent acquisition on The Hill.
>
> And, by the way, is it generally known that *Les Forgrave,* creator of the "Big Sister" comic strip, is making his home at Chapel Hill? The story is told that "Les," on his way to live in New Orleans, stopped off at Chapel Hill, saw the village, met *Dr. Frank Graham,* and there has remained since. He is pridefully quoted as saying that, although he has lived in a number of places in this country and abroad, he "has never known a better atmosphere for creative work than one finds in Chapel Hill."
>
> Another item of interest that will not bear skipping was the announcement of the acceptance by *George M. Cohan* for production of the play, "Tight Breeches," a drama of the Smoky Mountains written by *Hubert Hayes* of Western North Carolina, in collaboration with *Taintor Foote.* It is rumored that Broadway will see the play in January.



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Here Is Heresy

THE SECESSION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE Civil War, Mr. Johnson submits, was a colossal tragedy and a "bawdy farce," as unnecessary as it was futile. A monument to the fanatics who precipitated it and to the incompetents who directed it, it solved no problems, but created many that were insoluble. It preserved the Union, but the Union would not have been in danger had it not been for the doctrinaire legal-mindedness of Southern fire eaters and the self-righteous meddling of Northern abolitionists. It did away with the curse of slavery, but slavery was a dying institution, and emancipation merely substituted for the slavery problem the even more complex Negro problem. It cost over half a million lives, and the devastation of an entire section, and left a heritage of bitterness and of political and social degradation whose effects are still with us.

This, in brief, is Mr. Johnson's thesis, presented with a pungency that at times bursts into eloquence, but on the whole more provocative than sustained, more heated than original. The argument is characterized by a self-assurance and dogmatism reminiscent of the assurance and dogmatism of those very Calhouns and Garrisons whom Mr. Johnson denounces with such incisiveness. It is permeated with passion rather than with understanding, and packed with assumptions and conclusions rather than evidence or argument. It exhibits a zeal for generalization and for over-simplification that makes for confusion rather than for clarity.

Mr. Johnson asserts that because slavery was a dying institution, a war for the preservation of a slave and plantation economy was unjustifiable. But there is no evidence that slavery was a dying institution; on the contrary it was never in a more flourishing condition than in the decade preceding secession; nor is there any valid reason to believe that Southerners would have done away voluntarily with their peculiar institution. Mr. Johnson accepts without question or qualification the statistics and conclusions of Hinton Helper's "Impending Crisis," but he fails entirely to realize that Helper's indictment was an indictment not so much of slavery as of Negro labor, and that the abolition of slavery has not altered in any essentials the relative economic position of the South. A glance at Helper's post-bellum writings would have persuaded him that Helper himself was concerned not so much with the institution of slavery as with ridding the South of the Negro. Mr. Johnson submits that secession, when it came, was criminally stupid, because the South of 1860 was predestined to defeat; yet no reputable scholar would accept such an assumption, and the closest students of the War are convinced that the South stood a better chance of achieving independence and victory in 1860 than did the American colonies in 1776. Mr. Johnson rings the hackneyed changes on Garrison and Sumner and Phillips, on Calhoun and Yancey and Rhett, but there is no evidence that he has more than a superficial acquaintance with any of these men or that he has attempted to understand either their psychology or their logic or their real achievements. His character analysis takes the form of vilification, and he informs us that "Seward was a fool," Garrison "hated the human race," and that Beecher was a "pestilence." His admiration for the meretricious Webster is unbounded, but he fails utterly to appreciate the real statesmanship of Stephen A. Douglas.

Yet scattered among these juicy expletives and irate scoldings are shrewd observations that suggest real power of interpretation. Of Calhoun Mr. Johnson remarks justly:

> There is an immensity about Calhoun that compels respect. Whatever else he may have been, he was not small. His aspirations were lordly, his range of thought was gigantic, his sense of honor was august, his sense of duty sublime. And his errors were titanic.

And of Henry Clay:

> He was a far greater authority on the Constitution than was Calhoun. Calhoun knew what it was, but Clay knew what it was about. Thus all his life he protected and defended it while Calhoun dissected and destroyed it.

Much of Mr. Johnson's argument, too, has a persuasive appeal, and this despite the fallacies with which it is permeated. His criticism of the petrified legalism of Southern leaders is just, though he fails to realize that this legalism was a necessary rationalization of economic facts. Similarly, his observations on the dangers of the assumption of moral superiority by Northern abolitionists are sound, but he is quite unable to understand the historical significance of the "higher law" argument. Yet few will quarrel with Mr. Johnson's conclusion that

> Calhoun insisting upon the letter of the law and disdainfully ignoring the spirit of the time, and Sumner, insisting upon the spirit of the time, and disdainfully ignoring the plain provisions of the law, alike failed to discharge the highest duty of statesmanship, which is to reconcile the letter of the law with the spirit of the times.

Yet we might wish that Mr. Johnson had taken more to heart the counsel which he quotes in his own foreword: "What history teaches is above all humility, that pride of opinion and easy certainty are folly, and that he who would search for the lessons of experience, will never reach the end."

Henry Steele Commager is professor of history at New York University.

Economic Isolation

AMERICA SELF-CONTAINED. By Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

IF anybody thinks that there is nothing to be said in favor of a policy of economic isolation for our country, he will find in this book reason to revise his opinion. In behalf of that policy Mr. Crowther presents a mass of facts and arguments poured forth with that easy flow, that lusty emphasis, that freedom from judicial restraint, which one expects rather in the propaganda of a political party in the heat of a Presidential campaign than in an argumentative book designed simply to arouse sentiment in favor of a proposed national policy. Of the arguments on the opposite side we get only an occasional glimpse; but the book is so frankly pugnacious, its object is so aggressively declared at the outset and so persistently asserted throughout, that no intelligent reader can complain of having been lured into taking for an impartial discussion what is in reality, from start to finish, a work of miiltant advocacy. As such, this book is entitled to high praise.

A large part of the book is devoted to stressing those arguments in favor of protective tariffs which have, for more than three-quarters of a century, been acknowledged as valid by all competent economists, however strong their preference for free trade. Mr. Crowther gives little or no countenance to the crude fallacy which, despite the existence of more respectable arguments, has always been the chief reliance of popular protectionist propaganda; he does not challenge the classical economists' doctrine of the immediate economic advantage of free trade. He insists upon the ulterior economic benefit of protection in building up new industries, and upon the need of economic independence to insure the nation's safety in time of war; both of which standard arguments he presents largely in the shape of copious quotations from well-known writers. Besides these things, he stresses two points more distinctively American and recent—the development of our country to a stage at which importations are of far less importance to our welfare than they have been in the past, and the desirability of cutting loose from foreign complications in order to be able to control our internal economy without disturbance by foreign vicissitudes.

The book has some faults that demand mention even in so brief a notice as this. All's fish that comes to Mr. Crowther's net. In quotations which seem to command his entire approval we find the notion that England's enrichment through free trade meant only the profits of traders and carriers, and the notion that England's high wages, as compared with the Continent, in the first half of the nineteenth century, were caused by her great national debt; an inconclusive fragment of argument found in some notes made by Abraham Lincoln in 1847 is welcomed as an important piece of reasoning; and, so far as the argument for free trade—or, indeed, for foreign trade in general—is indicated at all, it is indicated in its weakest and most vulnerable form. But in the main the book is as fair as can be expected in a work so frankly militant.

Millstones About the Neck of Government

THE WICKED UNCLES. By Roger Fulford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

MR. FULFORD has gone a-hunting and has returned with a mixed, a very mixed bag. Picked off one by one, the uncles of Victoria, or most of them, turn out to be other than ogres in human guise. The American reader, who has given up trying to keep the seven sons of George III apart and has solved the problem of lumping them together as a collective symbol for disreputable senility will be mildly surprised to learn that they were not all of a piece. The family resemblance was conspicuously strong, but there were differences as well. To confuse the earnest monogamy of the Duke of Cambridge with the noisome lecheries of the Prince of Wales and the High Toryism of Cumberland with the Whiggery of Sussex is to do less than justice. It was a large family and among the children one may find several degrees of vice and virtue, of sense and silliness, almost everything, in fact, save distinguished talent.

That is not to say that they were devoid of a measure of ability. The Duke of Kent, judged by the canons of Frederick the Great, was not a bad soldier, and, for a few months, the Duke of Clarence proved a thorn in the side of the Admiralty bureaucrats. As King of Hanover, the Duke of Cumberland, best hated of the lot, revealed himself as an industrious, efficient administrator. Even so, the burden of proof for a century or more has been upon the defense, and there have been few to assume the task. The Duke of Wellington, in a fit of exasperation, once called Clarence, Kent, and Cumberland "the damnedest millstones about the necks of any Government that can be imagined." But Wellington was too close to the uncles to view them as other than sources of embarrassment. Mr. Fulford, with the advantage of a perspective denied to the Duke, is doubtful whether "their public lives were quite so trivial, and their private lives quite so scandalous, as is generally supposed." The claim is modest enough, and in proving it, he has not sought unduly to magnify the merits of his subjects. Nowhere does he picture the royal dukes as national assets. What Mr. Fulford insists upon is that the whole truth cannot be as bad as the half-truths which were whispered in drawing-rooms and retailed by chatty diarists. Upon this premise he has gathered together an unpretentious but illuminating series of essays, full of straightforward writing as well as pleasantly original interpretations.

With the exception of the Duke of Cambridge and, less notably, the Duke of Sussex, the uncles had in common two specific defects. They had scant respect for either money or monogamy, the most fatal of all derelictions in the eyes of middle-class opinion. On the first charge little can be said in their behalf. Always in debt as a result of their extravagance, they were always appalled by the niggardliness of Parliament. Nor can their scandalous *liaisons* be convincingly defended, although the Royal Marriage Act was hardly calculated to encourage alliances that were at once legal and congenial. In their extra-marital attachments the dukes occasionally showed surprising constancy. Clarence, for example, spent some twenty years at Bushey in the company of Mrs. Jordan, maintaining the most bourgeois of households. Indeed, the arrangement might have continued indefinitely, had it not been for a chronic shortage of money and the stirrings of political ambition in the breast of the sailor duke. Some of the uncles' affairs were of the romantic sort. Others, Mr. Fulford would be the first to admit, belonged to a lower order of emotion.

Born into another age, the sons of George III might have received a more lenient verdict from history. As it was, they were neither acute enough to sense the fundamental change taking place in English life nor pliant enough to adapt themselves to it. What admirable qualities they possessed were nullified by the day in which they lived, as well as by their own eccentricities. As embodiments of social and political transition, the dukes were hopeless failures. And in the sedate society that was coming to birth they seemed as out of place as soiled and faded eighteenth-century garments in a tidily stuffy Victorian clothes press.

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ON A SAD FAILURE

"MY valor is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands!" The lament of the immortal Acres suits our own feelings perfectly, for our confidence has been dashed by untoward circumstance. Many weeks ago, indeed almost at the beginning of our incumbency of this department, we received a letter from *A. F. of New York City* asking us if we could trace an American novel which had presumably appeared within the last two or three years, part of the scene of which was laid in Constantinople and which the inquirer had heard contained "some particularly piquant references to prominent European personages of the period." In it, he thought, there figured a sovereign, an ambassador, a Mr. Stevens, and a Lady Godover. Now what could seem simpler than that? We set off blithely one Saturday afternoon shortly after the receipt of the letter for the Public Library and left dejectedly at dinner time after having waded through volume after volume of the *Book Review Digest*, tackled every reference librarian in sight, and arrived at nothing that seemed to fill the bill. Ever since then we and our Alter Ego, Ruth Flint, have had a new opening gambit for conversation. "Do you know," we begin hopefully, "of a novel part of which plays in Constantinople, and which has a character called Lady Godover?" Nobody ever does, so we are no further with our problem than we were at the beginning. Perhaps some one in the wider circle of our Clearing House friends can help us out of our dilemma. Really the question has become almost a King Charles's head with us, thrusting its way into our communings in the most insistent fashion. Well, now that we're admitting defeat and asking for information, we're also going to turn our second-best puzzle over to our readers. Can anyone tell *H. S. A. of Waterbury, Conn.*, the name of the author and publisher of a book called JAN OF THE MILL? This is not to be confused with Mrs. Ewing's JAN OF THE WINDMILL, "a very different type of writing," H. S. A. says.

CRITICISM OF HENRY GEORGE

There's nothing sure, runs the old adage, but death and taxes. Well, we're not so sure of that, at least we're not certain that we can't twist the expression out of its meaning so as to misapply it to Henry George and the Single Tax. What we're saying doesn't make much sense. We'd better confess at once that we're trying to find some way of sliding from our last question to the inquiry of *E. W. H. of Scarsdale, N. Y.*, as to what book to consult for "refutation or criticism" of George's Single Tax theory. We can't slide, apparently, so we'll plump. E. W. H., we think, will have to go in the main to books not dealing specifically with George for his material, since discussion is scattered through general writing. And we have the authority of our friend and erstwhile associate, John Chamberlain, for the statement that what he will find is criticism, not refutation. The Single Tax theory, says Mr. Chamberlain, has never been successfully refuted. E. W. H. will find interesting discussion of it in that fascinating book, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS (Harcourt, Brace), which he ought to read just for the pleasure of it if he hasn't done so already; in F. C. Howe's THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER (Scribners), and in Brand Whitlock's FORTY YEARS OF IT (Appleton). Louis Post's THE PROPHET OF SAN FRANCISCO (Vanguard), memories and interpretations of Henry George, has material that should prove useful, and a full discussion of George's theory is to be found in G. R. Geiger's THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE (Macmillan).

RUSSIA. EIGHT JOURNALISTS

And now for a question to which a dozen persons might render a dozen at least partially different answers. *M. M. R. of Gowanda, N. Y.*, asks for a list of not more than eight names which we consider outstanding in the field of present-day journalism. We take it for granted that she means general editorial writers and not columnists, feature writers, or correspondents. No sooner have we made this statement than we must amend it, for, strictly speaking, Walter Lippmann, we suppose, is a columnist. Before the demise of the *World* its editor, he has since been contributing a widely syndicated column to the *New York Herald Tribune*, and is perhaps the journalist who in the past year or two has been more vigorously discussed and quoted than any other. By that we do not mean to imply that he is the most generally read, for the papers that carry Arthur Brisbane's editorials reach a greater number of persons. Rollo Ogden, editor of the *Times* (he was before his connection with that paper the editor of the *New York Evening Post*) is a journalist in the Godkin tradition whose trenchant pen and moral fervor have fought many a battle for the right. His associate, Simeon Strunsky, essayist and humorist as well as editorial writer, seems to us to rank among the foremost journalists of the country, as do his colleagues of *Evening Post* days, Oswald Garrison Villard and Fabian Franklin. The latter is no longer actively connected with journalism, but his articles still appear at intervals, reminders of the lucid and impressive editorials which during his years of guidance of the *Baltimore News* won so many a battle for civic good and of his later judicial and forceful contributions to the *Post*. Mr. Villard, who recently retired from the active editorship of the *Nation* to which he had given his time after his sale of the *Post*, is not only one of the most skilled and able newspapermen in the country but also an editor to whose abilities no worthy cause ever appeals in vain. Two men whose papers stand out as influential quite out of proportion to the circulation they boast are William Allen White, whose *Emporia Gazette* is one of the most widely quoted papers outside of New York, and Josephus Daniels, now Ambassador to Mexico, whose *Raleigh News and Observer* is one of the influential journals of the South. Now, however, that Ambassador Daniels has relinquished his editorship to his son, we can't count him among our octet of journalists. We round that out with the name of Frank Michael O'Brien, editor of the Boston *Herald and Traveller*.

M. M. R. asked us a double-barrelled question. In addition to a list of journalists she wanted some "pertinent, sane, and unbiased" books on Russia written within the past year. For the purposes of the review which she is to present to her club, our first choice would be Maurice Hindus's THE GREAT OFFENSIVE (Smith & Haas), a fascinating portrayal of the Soviet Republic as it is today, written with animation and charm, and full of those details which every intelligent observer of the great experiment across the seas wants to know. If she wishes more statistical material than Mr. Hindus includes she can turn for that to Elisha Friedman's RUSSIA IN TRANSITION (Viking), and if she is specifically interested in the status of youth and women in Russia she will find excellent material for her purposes in YOUTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA (Harcourt, Brace), by K. Mehnert, and RED VIRTUE (Harcourt, Brace), by Ella Winter.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS

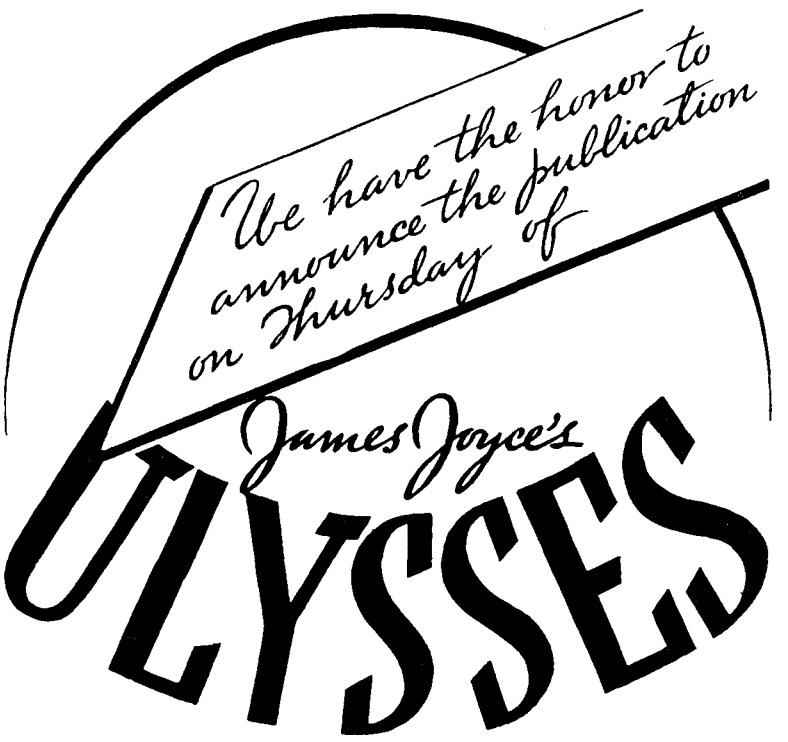
After our shameless (or shameful) confession of failure at the beginning of this column we're glad to be able to give *E. S. A. of New York City* the information she wants. She is anxious to know whether Lamartine's L'HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS, issued in France in 1847 in eight volumes, has ever been published in English. The UNITED STATES CATALOG does not contain it, she adds. The reason it doesn't appear there is because the American version is no longer in print. The work, translated by H. T. Ryde, was published in England by Bohn in 1847-1848 in three volumes, and republished by Bell in 1899-1905. The same translation was issued in this country by Harper's in 1848 and 1854. The New York Public Library has all three editions, entitled HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS; OR, PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF THE PATRIOTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CANADIAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS

The next inquiry we draw from our overflowing envelope is that of *E. F. of Stockton, Calif.*, for books that will furnish material for a paper on Canadian prose writers and artists from 1763 to 1933. A comprehensive survey of Canadian literature is to be found in HIGHWAYS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE—A SYNOPTIC INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERARY HISTORY OF CANADA (ENGLISH) FROM 1760 TO 1924 (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart), by J. D. Logan and Donald G. French. Beginning with pre-Confederation literature, this work traces the various trends of Canadian letters up to the present, discussing in its course all the outstanding authors. It has a good index. Similar to it, and also good, is V. B. Rhodenizer's HANDBOOK OF CANADIAN LITERATURE (Ottawa: Graphic Publishers). Archibald MacMechan's HEADWATERS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE (McClelland & Stewart) includes French writers of Canada as well as English. The best book on Canadian artists is THE FINE ARTS IN CANADA (Macmillan Co. of Canada), by Newton MacTavish, a comprehensive work with many illustrations.

HELP WANTED BY AUTHORS

We have a request which we are glad to print here. It has come from Franklin T. Walker, professor of English literature at Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn., who writes us that he is gathering material for a critical biography of George William Curtis, American editor, essayist, and orator. He would like to correspond with persons who have material that may be placed at his disposal, so if any of our readers have letters or reminiscences tucked away in boxes or minds that they are willing to lend to Mr. Walker will they please write to him at his college address? Incidentally we wonder what has become of the dainty little editions of PRUE AND I that used to be so omnipresent in our childhood. And, incidentally again, does anyone read the charming PRUE AND I today, or any of the musings of the Easy Chair philosopher?



IT placed its author at once securely in the ranks of the great novelists of all time. Perhaps only Hardy and Henry James can be said to have contributed equally to the English novel. A long line of literary d[illegible] ants, from Sheila Kaye Smith to William Faulkner, derive cons[illegible] or unconciously from him, and from this book. No book of our ti[illegible] had such wide influence, been so much discussed — *yet so little* .....

James Joyce's
ULYSSES

AFTER 20 years Federal Judge John Munro Woolsey has finally removed the restrictions attending its publication in this country. In his opinion Judge Woolsey said, "I hold that 'Ulysses' is a sincere and honest book and I think that the criticisms of it are entirely disposed of by its rationale. Furthermore, 'Ulysses' is an amazing *tour de force* when one considers the success which has been in the main achieved with such a difficult objective as Joyce set out for himself . . . Each word of the book contributes like a bit of mosaic to the detail of the picture which Joyce is seeking to construct for his readers . . . in spite of its unusual frankness, I do not detect anywhere the leer of the sensualist . . . a tragic and very powerful commentary on the inner lives of men and women . . . a sincere and serious attempt to devise a new literary method for the observation and description of mankind."

James Joyce's
ULYSSES

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Dilemma in the Far East

MANCHOUKUO: CHILD OF CONFLICT. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by EDWIN G. ARNOLD

MR. KAWAKAMI'S most recent book merits the attention of all who are seriously interested in acquiring a sympathetic understanding of the Far Eastern dilemma,—not that it is a careful objective study of the fundamental factors conditioning the conflict between the Japanese and the Chinese, but because it presents the Japanese point of view. The thesis which the author, who is Washington correspondent of *The Tokyo Hochi Shimbun,* attempts to prove may be summarized in his own words: "Whether recognized or not, Manchoukuo is here to stay, with her population of 32,000,000 strong, her vast territory 448,957 square miles in area, her well-organized Government, leaning upon the Japanese, it is true, yet hopeful of future achievements as an independent state, her budget nearly balanced even in these days of universal deficit, her export trade exceeding her imports by almost a hundred million yuan."

The reader should keep in mind the fundamental factors which condition the policy of Japan toward Manchuria:—Japan's fear of Russsia and consequent desire to strengthen its first line of defense on the Asiatic mainland, its extensive investments in that region, its reliance upon Manchurian raw materials and food-stuffs, its hope that Manchuria may help to solve the extremely serious Japanese over-population problem, and its urgent need for larger markets to absorb its manufactured products, which it feels will be partially satisfied by a prosperous Manchoukuo. It is true that a careful study recently made by H. G. Moulton of the Brookings Institution has shown that the economic importance of Manchuria to Japan has been greatly exaggerated, and Japan's gains in the new state may fail to compensate for its loss of trade in China proper, resulting from its aggressive policy in Manchuria; but the Japanese apparently do not believe this and continue to regard as vital to their very existence their position in Manchuria, which was seriously endangered by the régime of Chang Hsueh-liang, war-lord of that region before the Japanese intervention. Because of frequent Chinese violations of Japanese treaty rights, the latter had a good case; but Mr. Kawakami admits that they erred in failing to present it more clearly to the world. The League, on the other hand, considered the Manchurian problem primarily in terms of Japan's treaty violations and failed to consider the "human factors" involved. The result was an impasse and the League's inability to prevent the Japanese aggression, which the author unconvincingly describes as self-defense.

Out of the Manchurian conflict, in spite of much opposition, a new state has been born, with Japan as god-father, if not the real father, although Mr. Kawakami denies that the creation of Manchoukuo was a preconceived plan of the Japanese government and the General Staff. The author believes that the goal of Manchoukuo is a constitutional monarchy, based on the old Chinese political philosophy of "Wangtao," or government by "fellow feeling" and "love for mankind." Of the 846 officials which comprise the central government 334 are Japanese, many of whom occupy key positions. The chief problems confronting the new régime are the reduction of the Manchurian military forces, the suppression of banditry, the eradication of the opium evil, and the abolition of "squeeze," which has been the curse of the Chinese political system for ages. The Japanese are facing an extremely difficult task in Manchoukuo, and they are hampered by much local opposition, both political and military. Although stating that "there are potent reasons why Japan does not want to annex Manchuria," the author admits that this may be necessary if the Manchoukuo government is unable to establish peace and security.

As a buffer against Russian communism and against Chinese chaos, and as a potentially important market in which the "open door" will not be closed, Mr. Kawakami asserts that an independent and prosperous Manchoukuo will be an asset to the world. At any rate, even though the Japanese have violated their treaty obligations, Manchoukuo now seems to be a *fait accompli,* with which the world should deal intelligently.

In the light of Japan's present military activities in northern China it is interesting to note that Mr. Kawakami warns the Japanese against the dangers which he believes will result from the extension of their power south of the Great Wall. As to the future, the author predicts that if China emerges from its present chaotic condition, it may "in Heaven's good time, rid Manchuria of the Japanese and drive them to the sea."

The Pursuit of Shelley

THE PURSUIT OF DEATH: A Study of Shelley's Poetry. By Benjamin P. Kurtz. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALTER EDWIN PECK

WRITE me down as one who would prefer, instead of writing this review, to read Mr. Kurtz's own opinion of this study of Shelley, ten years from now. For after three readings of "The Pursuit of Death" this reviewer is convinced that the project which Mr. Kurtz originally undertook was actually excitingly worth while: but that he started without one most important piece of field equipment (a genuinely sympathetic comprehension of the thought of Plotinus and Porphyry, and the effect of both on Shelley); without Spinoza's humility, but with a surplusage of Spinozism hastily assembled and badly oriented both with reference to Spinoza's own spirit and intention and the effect of that profound philosopher on Shelley; and, losing his way amid his own overconfidence and pedantry, naturally concluded his search with a regret that Shelley did not end "Adonais" upon an Arnoldian or Henleyesque emphasis upon self-dependence—a truly futilitarian conclusion. For need it be said that the greatness of "Adonais" or any similar work lies not in its slavish dependence upon the method of any other precedent thinker (such as Spinoza), or the absence of the method or manner of any later writers (as Arnold, the Christian, or Henley, the pagan stoic)? Its greatness lies in its uniqueness, the originality of its revelation born out of the waters of deep study and thought, and the heat of the experience of misunderstanding, injustice, disappointment, disillusionment, despair, suffering, death.

Mr. Kurtz patronizes Shelley, parades classical quotations (many hackneyed), alternately assumes to understand and sympathize with the poet's untiring quest of reality, and then in the approved cynical manner adapted to Saturday lectures to superficial Greenwich-Villagers-for-the-night, dismisses his findings with a wave of superiority. It is not the way to understand Shelley. Having once (in my own biography of Shelley) made the mistake of judging him severely for his treatment of Harriet, perhaps Mr. Kurtz will permit me to advise, in the sequel, a little "advanced humility" toward that great spirit.

I am sure that this review, or any other I might write, could not possibly record the fulness of the disappointment I have felt in reading this book. For I confidently believe that an adequate analysis of the progress of Shelley's life and thought remains to be written and, if I may say so, that it should not fail to include:

a) A reëxamination of his advanced political and economic theories (especially as set forth in "The Philosophical View of Reform");

b) A reconsideration of the actual relationship existing between Shelley and Claire Clairmont;

c) A thorough evaluation of the mystic or neo-platonic (ideal-philosophic) cast of Shelley's mind.

I venture the opinion, in this connection, that the most significant contribution toward the proper understanding of his thought which has been made in our time has been the magnificent translation, by Stephen MacKenna, of the "Enneads" of Plotinus. Mr. Kurtz makes a passing reference to Plotinus two pages before the end of "The Pursuit of Death." It would have been better to have begun with Plotinus and the mystics—they are nearer than Spinoza to the heart of Shelley's mystery. For though Shelley's reason was indubitably affected by Godwin, Plato, Berkeley, Spinoza, it was the whole Shelley who, stirred by the neo-Platonists, rose to the creation of "Adonais." The phrase, "Intellectual Beauty," which Mr. Kurtz failed to find in Plato, he will discover in "Ennead" V.

All the evidences for Shelley's acquaintance with Plotinus are, I am quite willing to admit, internal; but since Thomas Taylor, "the Platonist," who translated the "Enneads," was a personal friend of Shelley; since not only Shelley himself, but his friends, Hogg, Peacock, and Leigh Hunt, all affected the classics (Peacock, perhaps of this trio most seriously); and since in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" (entitled out of Plotinus's own mouth), "The Witch of Atlas," and "Epipsychidion," it is clearly Plato and his great disciple, Plotinus, who dominate imagery and thought; just as in "Adonais" and the great choruses of "Hellas" it is Plato, Plotinus, and Heraclitus, whose ideas are transmuted in the alembic of Shelley's magnificent imagination into an interblending of the philosophy of eternal flux or change and that of the eternal beauty, I for one do not see how we can escape the conclusion that Shelley knew, and was strongly influenced by, the founder of neo-Platonism, who had followed Plato's transcendent road of truth into the world of beauty.

* *

Walter Edwin Peck is the author of "Shelley's Life and Work" and a co-editor of the Julian edition of "The Complete Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley."

The Problem of Our Forests

THE PEOPLE'S FORESTS. Robert Marshall. New York: Smith & Haas. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY S. GRAVES

RECENT events in connection with various emergency activities of the Federal Government have called attention in a dramatic way to the problems and public service of our forests. Mr. Marshall outlines in his book the present situation and the inevitable results that will follow if the prevailing methods of destructive exploitation of private forests are continued. He points out the effects of the rapid depletion of timber, the deterioration of the forests, the impoverishment of communities through timber exhaustion, the breakdown of the forest industries through premature cutting and overproduction, the injury to water resources, and the impairment of scenic and recreation areas. A sharp contrast is drawn between the uncontrolled cutting on private lands and the orderly management of the National Forests.

Mr. Marshall attributes the chief cause of the decline of our forests to the failure of private ownership. The character of the forestry problem, the long time required to grow timber, the speculative nature of much of the ownership, the pressure to liquidate, and the traditional point of view of operators, explain this failure. Mr. Marshall sees little prospect of any material change in the attitude of forest owners. He even questions whether, under our conditions, an attempt to place private forests under public regulation would succeed. His solution is to bring the greater part of the forests of the country under public ownership.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the work is the clear showing that forests are not merely of service to industries and to consumers of products, but that they are of equal importance in social benefits to a large proportion of the population.

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

PUBLICATIONS of the Modern Language Association for December offers a major contribution to American literary history in Longfellow's complete extant correspondence (1842-1873) with the exiled German liberal poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath. James Taft Hatfield is the editor. Samuel Longfellow, in his biography of his brother, made little use of Freiligrath's letters, owing to ignorance of German script; from such letters as he published he omitted many graphic personal details. No future biographer of either poet can afford to overlook this correspondence.

As early as 1867 at least one American—George Henry Boker of Philadelphia—had reached the same conclusions about Swinburne's sexual abnormalities, and the Marquis de Sade's influence on him, that are generally accepted by modern students. Unfortunately, Boker, being ignorant of the mealy-mouthed jargon of psychology, expressed his views with such picturesque bluntness that quotation is dangerous. Those seeking his exact words will find them in a letter which Boker wrote to Paul Hamilton Hayne in April, 1867, and which was published for the first time in *American Literature* (Duke University) for May, 1933. . . . Since the appearance last March of a group of special studies of Poe, the articles in *American Literature* have dealt chiefly with minor authors such as John Howard Payne, E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor, and Edward Bellamy. . . . Special interest attaches to "Toward a Reinterpretation of Thomas Paine" in the May issue, wherein Harry Hayden Clark presents the "tentative and general conclusions" resulting from a prolonged study not merely of Paine himself and his writings but of all the controversial literature they evoked. He concludes, among other things, that Paine "was forced reluctantly to modify his lifelong resolve to be one 'who never dishonors religion either by ridiculing or cavilling at any denomination whatsoever,' by the ecclesiastical opposition to humanitarian reform, and by the fact that his pious opponents insisted upon the argument that the throne was sanctioned by the altar, that submission to the hierarchy of the feudal state was grounded upon submission to the hierarchy of the national church. Thus, historically, the church deliberately obliged liberals and equalitarians who had begun the march to republicanism to trample upon her sacred domain." . . . Every admirer of the poet will find interesting matter in Sculley Bradley's "Walt Whitman on Timber Creek" in the November issue. Mr. Bradley has done what most of Whitman's biographers have failed to do—visited and identified the exact scenes where Walt wrestled and sun-bathed himself back to health in 1876, after his paralytic stroke. Most of the sites can still be identified, though the blight of suburbanism is likely soon to destroy them.

In *Modern Language Notes* (Johns Hopkins) for January, Clarence Gohdes, in "Getting Ready for Brook Farm," reports on an examination of George Ripley's commonplace book. We learn among other things that Hawthorne's labor on the manure pile was worth seventy-five cents a day, and that the Brook Farmers planned to be home brewers and dreamed of making twenty gallons of beer for seventy-eight cents.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE GOLD COINS *Anthony Wynne* (Lippincott: $2.)	Two murders and a treasure hoard on Barren Island keep Dr. Hailey busy by land and sea.	For action, detection, plot, and background this equals Dr. Hailey's best exploits.	Top-hole
MURDER RUNS IN THE FAMILY *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Lanse McCrea, suspected of murdering wealthy scoundrel, chases real killer through 300 palpitating pages.	Not much detection but crime a-plenty, and great gobs of giddy action.	Thriller
THE GALLOWS OF CHANCE *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Murderously harassed Home Secretary helped out of strange dilemmas by Detective Inspector Pank.	At this late date Mr. Oppenheim obliges with a bang-up new detective creation and good surrounding yarn.	Class A

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Deans, Dogmas, and the Deity

IS CHRISTIANITY TRUE? By C. E. M. Joad and Arnold Lunn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by P. W. WILSON

IN this book, we have a duel over what Disraeli would have called deans, dogmas, and the deity. The theological swashbucklers share a common background. Both of them started life as Christians, went to Oxford, and there fell victim to epidemic unbelief. Mr. Lunn recovered from the form of German measles, as he regarded it, which is known as Modernism. His hegira back to faith has been described in an earlier confession—"The Flight from Reason." He is today no more heterodox than, let us say, the late Bishop Gore.

In Mr. Joad's case, the attack of scepticism was more serious. For six months, he prayed that he might win a scholarship but failed, and despite the precedent of Gethsemane, where also prayers were unanswered, the contretemps shattered his faith. It is true that, at a later date, an unpunctual Providence bestowed on him the John Locke Scholarship in Moral Philosophy with an enviable position at Birkbeck College in the University of London. But Mr. Joad, in his tent, still sulks as an agnostic Achilles, and applies to his autobiography the scriptural but distressing title, "Under the Fifth Rib," where blows are mortal.

When Luther, upset by indulgences, had it out with the monk, Tetzel, it was a real prizefight. So with Gladstone and Huxley, Bryan and Mr. Scopes, Newman and Kingsley—each went for his man.

The object of the present "discussion" is "innocent pleasure." The Oxonian gladiators do not attempt to save or otherwise dispose of one another's souls. In an exhibition bout, they air one another's opinions, and divide the gate. We are not quite sure that Nero would have approved of amphitheatricals in which the early Christian is so profusely padded. But as a heathen lion, Mr. Joad, believing that life is "hunger and struggle," ought to have been effective. Yet somehow he seems to be disinclined for the usual diet. Over a detail like the Resurrection, why should a psychologist take the trouble at this time of day "to mug up the evidence"? Says he, with a yawn, "to criticize Christianity is like assaulting a featherbed with the consistency of a jelly and the colors of a chameleon."

By a stage device, familiar to Mephistopheles, the weapons of this warfare—defined as "hammer and tongs"—are electrified. Amid the theological slapstick, sparks thus scintillate. If, remarks the incautious Joad, you, my dear Lunn, "had been born in a bedroom a few thousand miles to the eastward," you would be today no Christian but a Hindu. "As it happens I *was* born a 'few thousand miles to the eastward,'" retorts the dear and delighted Lunn, whose parents were missionaries in India—to which the no less dear Joad—yours ever unabashed—replies:

> Congratulations on your dialectical luck in being born in India. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," so obviously does God look after His own.

For an umpire to award a victory by points, is perilous, but on the whole, Mr. Joad is the greatest fun. He quotes the Bishop who remarked "God could not stop the European war but He did the next best thing; he produced a million recruits." He points out that Mazda was the Zoroastrian God of Light and asks what would be said if we advertised "Buy our Jesus Lamps! The Light of the World." He tells of the village in Newfoundland where, according to a graph, prepared by American research, the attendance at public worship varied inversely as the catch of oysters. "A Bach fugue," he says, "is as beautiful as a dawn or a mountain; do you, therefore, feel an impulse to pray to Bach?" Why should we pray? To persuade God to change His mind? Quoting Motley on Spanish persecutions in the Netherlands and alluding at discreet intervals to Torquemada, Mr. Joad thus fortifies his negations with what Mr. Lunn calls "a stiff dose of . . . Christian absurdities."

"The wall which separates you from the Church," replies Mr. Lunn, in his benediction, "is tall rather than wide—showy rather than substantial." The latent Christianity in Mr. Joad is betrayed by "the reproductions of Italian and Dutch primitives" that hang around his library—"there is always hope for a man, however perverse his views, who prefers Van Eyck to the post-impressionists." Nor can we "in common decency damn Christianity for the Inquisition without thanking Christianity for Chartres." And by Christianity Mr. Lunn means the faith that is expressed in Chartres. The Virgin Birth, the miracles, the resurrection, heaven and hell—all of these "fundamentals" are included in the beliefs of this very Oxford man.

Mr. Joad asks the immemorial question how a good God permits evil and an omniscient God allows free will. To these questions, there has never been an answer and, apparently, never will be. For Mr. Joad himself is not prepared to escape the dilemma by plunging into atheism. As a final "bouquet" to Mr. Lunn, he agrees to "concede the possibility of a God." All that he stipulates is that the Eternal must be "a goal, not a source"—in apocalyptic terms, no Alpha, only Omega. The Almighty is permitted to exist when Mr. Joad has decided that it is time to perceive his existence—not before. Evidently, he considers it to be a very sensible arrangement.

La Belle France

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ANNA B. WHEELER

MR. COHEN-PORTHEIM belongs to the discouragingly small group of people who feel that the solution of European problems cannot be found in nationalism. Among the European nations at present (1925), impoverished as they are by the war and upset by social, political, and economic troubles, there is only one, he feels, "whose health is sound enough, and whose affairs are in sufficiently good order," to lead the way toward a United Europe. That nation is France, who has done it in the past, and can only be understood today by considering its historical development. A nation differs at every stage of its development, as an individual does, but like the individual, it is conditioned by its earlier stages.

The first important steps in the development of France are its conglomerate make-up of Franks, Celts, Gauls, Romans, its dependence on the classic tradition brought in by Rome, and the union of the conquered Gauls and the conquering Franks through the bond of Christianity. The Franks conquered Gaul and with their conversion to Christianity the French nation was really formed. France then has a heritage: Latin, classic, Teutonic, which, when synthetized, was to have great influence on the rest of Europe.

The first great period was the Gothic age, for the experience of the Gothic ideal in France was a combination of the individual experiences of other European nations tempered by the classic tradition. The Gothic age brought an exuberance to France, which through its dependence on classic formalism it could not otherwise have had. The Gothic art of France, though an art bounding in vitality, when compared with the Gothic art of Germany or Spain, for instance, is always more logical, more ordered and restrained. The French Gothic spirit was really a European spirit, made up as it was by the most important factors in the European genius, the classical, the Christian, the Teutonic, and the Celtic.

During the French Revolution France again led Europe, by "helping it to deal the old order its death blow, and clear the way for the new" order everywhere.

Napoleon brought France enormous prestige and power, he became for her a symbol of glory, but he became also a symbol of the war spirit which has dominated Europe from that time on. During the first two eras France fostered a European spirit. Mr. Cohen-Portheim believes she can and should do it again.

The chief trouble with such a book as this is that it is too general. It is difficult to talk of the development of nations as one would of individuals. History is so largely a matter of interpretation that it may be used for any number of conflicting illustrations. Nevertheless Mr. Cohen-Portheim's thesis is very interesting, and his analysis of the bourgeois character is delightful. The French bourgeois to him "stands for cheerful enjoyment of life, for moderation in both work and pleasure." As for the movements in France which have been most influential in Europe, artistically and intellectually, they are of little concern to Mr. Cohen-Portheim—who lays particular stress on this point.

The New Books

Belles Lettres

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By J. W. Cunliffe. Macmillan. 1933. $3.

This volume is largely a reprint of material from the same author's "English Literature during the Last Half-Century," first published in 1919, and revised and enlarged in 1923. Alterations and additions have been made, of course, and in conformity with the new title Meredith is merely mentioned and Stevenson is dropped from the table of contents; but the changes are not sufficient to make a really new book out of an old one. A few explicit notes will clarify the case.

The chapter on Shaw, which runs from p. 45 to p. 85, contains twenty-six pages of reprinted material. The chapter on Conrad has been freshly written, but very little has been added to the chapter on Wells; only three pages have been added to the Galsworthy chapter, while Bennett has been brought down to date with an additional two pages and a half. The chapter formerly called "The Irish Movement" is now called "The Irish Renaissance," and Dunsany is newly admitted to the Irish band. The remarks on Yeats, A. E., and Synge have been revised; but the section on Moore stands unchanged save for the added date of his death. The "New Novelists" of the earlier volume have become "Georgian Novelists," and the original group—Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence—has been enlarged by the inclusion of Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf. We note, also, that Lawrence has been moved from last place into first, and that he commands far more space than before. There is a new chapter entitled "Essays, Journalism and Travel," dealing briefly with Hudson, Gosse, C. E. Montague, Nevinson, Chesterton, Bertrand Russell, and Lawrence of Arabia; and also a short chapter on Lytton Strachey. When we reach "Masefield and the New Georgian Poets" (this chapter was simply "The New Poets" before one of the company became Laureate), we find that Masefield himself has been granted three new paragraphs; but the old words on Rupert Brooke, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, William H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, and Lascelles Abercrombie are allowed to stand unchanged. T. S. Eliot now appears among the Georgians, but Professor Cunliffe's remarks on the gentleman from St. Louis reveal no personal appreciation or estimate of Eliot's poetry.

B. R. R.

Biography

MARTIN LUTHER: GERMANY'S ANGRY MAN. By Abram Lipsky. Stokes. 1933. $3.

We are unable to speak with much enthusiasm of Mr. Lipsky's new life of Luther. We have in recent times had a long list of striking biographies of the great Reformer—Professor MacKinnon's in four volumes, Preserved Smith's calm and scholarly work, President Arthur McGiffert's fascinating book, and Heinrich Böhmer's significant volume, full of original research and fresh discovery. A new life of Luther following on in this great procession ought to make a more unique contribution to our knowledge of the man and of his epoch than this book brings us. The sub-title tells us nothing new. We have always known that there were volcanic bursts of passion in Luther and that he let forth an unusual burst of heat when confronted with the peasant uprising which threatened to wreck his cause. But "Germany's Angry Man" is not a happy characterization of the Protestant hero.

Luther's defects are glaring. An impartial historian—and Mr. Lipsky has preserved a fair and balanced mind—is bound to depict black squares as well as white squares on this extraordinary man. He was to a remarkable extent a child of his age. He carried along a heavy load of superstition. He was saturated with Augustinian theology. He was blind to the social and economic issues of his time. He was in the main conservative, because he felt himself compelled to lean heavily upon the nobility of the German nation, but he had a dynamic and transforming insight which made him a hero and a world shaker. This book does not adequately trace the stages of the formation of Luther's insight. It is quite unhistoric to say that "the truth flashed upon Luther suddenly in 1508." That is before his visit to Rome and before his study of the German mystics and before his creative work on St. Paul's Epistles. The date cannot be put earlier than 1515 and probably belongs a little later. We have noted a number of slips of phrase or date, which ought not to have been overlooked. William Law, for instance, is on one page called "John" Law.

But while these comments seem to be demanded in an honest review of the book, it should be said that this is a very readable and interesting biography. By one whose critical instinct is not aroused and who is not stirred with a challenge of judgment it will be read with appreciation.

R. M. J.

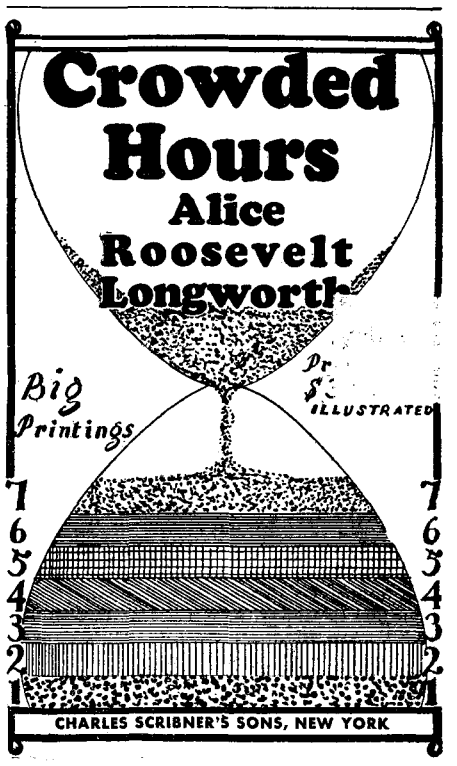
Fiction

CAPAJON. Fifty-four Short Stories. London: Jonathan Cape. 1933.

Since so singular a title obviously requires explanation, "Capajon" represents the telegraphic address of the publisher, and the book itself contains a selection of short stories published by Jonathan Cape during the years 1921-1933. Prefacing it is an introduction by Edward Garnett. Most of the tales are by British authors—who are also more lavishly represented than the occasional Americans—and one can imagine no better nor more convenient introduction to the work of such distinguished moderns as H. E. Bates, H. A. Manhood, Lorna Moon, Liam O'Flaherty, Pauline Smith, and Malachi Whitaker.

The most likely choice for the accolade of greatness is "The Dead," by James Joyce, with its extraordinary deepening of tone towards the climax. Conspicuous

(*Continued on following page*)



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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

also are "Harvest," by H. E. Bates, "The Higgler," by A. E. Coppard, and "The Schoolmaster," by Pauline Smith. One may question specific selections, and the inclusion of so many stories by Henry Lawson—surely not so good a writer as Mr. Garnett claims—but in general this is a rewarding and a heartening collection.

E. H. W.

Foreign

EL JARDIN DEL AMOR. A. M. Candioti. Buenos Aires: L. Gleizer. 1933.

Señor Candioti's highly romantic novel is at first glance a unique work, quite outside the currents of modern Argentine prose. It has nothing to do with the *criollo* or the *gaucho;* it concerns itself not at all with the Argentine scene, and it certainly shows no trace of the ubiquitous French influence which has appeared in so many South American novels. It is pure romance, the "story of a young Emir of Damascus in the sixth century after the hegira." If one were anxious to pigeonhole it properly in the literature of Latin America, it might perhaps be regarded as having something in common with "La Gloria de don Ramiro," that masterful historical romance by a compatriot of Señor Candioti, but it would be pedantic to see anything more than a very remote relationship. Rather it would seem to be simply the work of an educated dilettante, enamored of the old Arabian civilization and able to write a very readable story about it. Our "young Emir" goes on from boyhood to maturity, from one adventure to another, from deeds of valor on the field of battle to greater triumphs at court, for he is famous as warrior, poet, and philosopher. Episode follows episode with gratifying rapidity, the heroic adventures of the hero being occasionally relieved by the clowning of his faithful slave, Jalil. At times there is a faint, perhaps not unintentional resemblance to Don Quixote and his squire.

In spite of the well-adorned tale it is only fair to say—fair to author and reader alike—that the main interest of the book is not so much either the story or the characters as the vast fund of knowledge about those remote times which the author gracefully sets forth and the reader painlessly absorbs. Particularly interesting is the pilgrimage to Mecca, but throughout the book one is impressed by the author's easy familiarity with a world that is not very well known to any but specialists.

History

IN THE MARGIN OF HISTORY. By Sir Harry Luke. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $3.75.

The author is at present Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, but during the past quarter century his official duties with the Colonial Office have taken him to many lands, from Barbadoes to Armenia. As he travelled he filled many notebooks with quaint historical jottings. And he is deeply versed in the obscure little facts of European history. These essays are the fruit of the curiosity and industry of a connoisseur of the bizarre and the recondite. They have been published in various English periodicals, but they well deserve preservation in this more permanent form. Here and there the style is inadequate to the text, but the materials are so inherently interesting that matter triumphs over manner.

The title essay of the volume concerns several highly interesting individuals who attempted to found independent states during the nineteenth century. Who now recognizes the name of Anthony Orllie de Touens, an obscure lawyer from Périgueux, who suddenly established the Kingdom of Araucania in South America in the 1860's? And Prosper Chaton, who founded the State of Counani, southwest of French Guiana, and who lost it one night at piquet to one Paul Cartier, who thus suddenly became the second president? And what historian remembers Charles Louis David de Mayrena, still another insignificant but ambitious Frenchman, who, during the 1880's, established himself as King Mary I of the Sedangs in Indo-China? And later the erstwhile Jacques Lebaudy who proclaimed himself Jacques I, Emperor of the Sahara? Likewise forgotten is the strange tale of the San Francisco Irishman, Harden-Hickey, who tried to establish himself as king of Trinidad (an island east of Brazil) in the 1890's. All were magnificent dreamers and all were failures, but they demonstrate that even the prosaic nineteenth century did not entirely lose its sense of humor.

A second essay deals with various past and present "Freaks of Freedom": small independent states in Europe, of which even the names are sometimes strange: Moresnet, Liechtenstein, Andorra, San Marino, Monaco, and the Vatican City. Elsewhere the author writes in detail of Luxembourg, the king of Yvetot, the Albania of King Zog and other curious states, such as the Republic of Ragusa and the Republic of Poljica. And finally we have the *reductio ad absurdum* of a noble principle: the Noble Commune of Turopolje, where every person in a total population of 13,000 is, strictly speaking, a nobleman or a noblewoman. We can only rejoice in this discovery of a plentiful supply of authentic nobility: one that would seem quite adequate for whatever heiresses may be left in these United States.

F. M.

Miscellaneous

FRENCH TRAVELERS IN THE UNITED STATES, 1765-1932. A Bibliography by Frank Monaghan. New York: Public Library. 1933.

Every student of American history knows the names of a few of the French travelers in this country—Barbé-Marbois, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Chateaubriand, Tocqueville, Chevalier, and so on. The author of this valuable bibliography has in preparation a volume of illustrative excerpts from French travels, some previously unpublished and most previously untranslated, which should be rich in interest and instruction. He has meanwhile compiled this list of books, filling more than a hundred double-columned pages. It is, of course, by no means so long as a full list of books and articles written by British travelers in America would be. But it is of surprising length, and indicates clearly that the great store of fact and commentary in French travels has been unduly neglected. Mr. Monaghan has gone to scores of libraries to find his references; he has taken pains to annotate the more important of his entries, all of them incisively and some with a delightful wit; and he has indicated where copies may most easily be found. The result is a bibliography which will be indispensable to those interested in American history, particularly on its social and cultural sides,

(*Continued on following page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE MOON THROUGH GLASS *Coningsby Dawson* (Knopf: $2.50)	Novel	Marital mixup following the war romance of Sally and Sir Peter. Strange Canadian turns up claiming him as her lawful spouse; he's reported dead; Sally marries a writer only to have Sir Pete drop in again.	Mixed
BIG FLIGHT *Francis and Katherine Drake* (Little, Brown: $2)	Thriller	First rate yarn. Young engineer with aviation bug and an idea crashes the Air Transport business and puts over his invention in a great big way. All kinds of pace.	Oxygen
THE CAT'S PAW *Clarence Budington Kelland* (Harpers: $2)	Light Novel	Young man who has lived all his life in a Chinese mission is induced to run for Mayor of a great city. The sap spews Charlie Chan proverbs and wins the cigarette girl in the end.	Bird's Nest

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HASN'T someone inherited a Furness Variorum Shakespeare, full or broken set, which he doesn't need and will sell reasonably? Box 406.

WIDOW and son, would take complete charge of home (Manhattan or suburbs) in return for living quarters. Box 429.

WISH correspondence with lady interested in theatre, psychology, travel, or author. Box 430.

IS IT an anomaly to hope to find chess teacher for boy among the readers of *Saturday Review.* Remuneration, Box 431.

ANYONE going to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, January, or would like to hear from person who has been there.—no? Box 432.

WOMAN, over thirty, interested in books, people, conversation, movies, desires correspondence, both sexes. Lucretia.

NORTH CAROLINA apartment, wing of private home, spacious, sunny, fireplace, electric kitchenette, one hundred and fifty balance of season. Box 275 Southern Pines.

WRITERS, don't weary yourselves with Researching! Let gentle Reader, inured to gloomy vaults and bursting with research technique, delve for you. "Reader," *Saturday Review.*

NEWSPAPER MAN, 29, (TIMES-PICAYUNE 1932, but for Huey), Columbia M. A., will work anywhere. Critic. *Toklas, Ulysses, Men of Good Will?* Hooey. Box 433.

SAIL SOUTH. Three cruises on great new *Georgic,* England's largest cabin liner. *Georgic* to Bermuda over Lincoln's Birthday weekend, $45 up. Sail Feb. 9. Sail Feb. 14 to the West Indies, 15 days, $192.50 up. Sail Mar. 3, 18 days, $225 up. I'll take care of all details. *D. Porter,* No. 1 Broadway, New York. 'Phone DIgby 4-5800.

YOUNG WOMAN, possessing education, humor, residing Hudson valley, likes ideas, music, outdoor life. Would enjoy corresponding with single man of similar tastes, 30 to 40. Purpose: to keep her mind alive. Jennifer.

GENTLEMAN of forty—sojourning in the Green Mountains—a student of music, nature, outdoor life and metaphysics, would enjoy correspondence with friends of like tastes. Vermonter.

NOT A KIBITIZER but sport enough to sometimes suffer defeat Manhattan man. Box 23.

REALSILK experience (one year). Consider Detroit exclusive something more intriguing. Saleslady.

CHESS? Five postal card opponents 25c. Intellectual correspondence; groups, pairs, juniors. The Mixers, 5452 Second, Detroit.

ENGLISH WIDOW, mature, alert, sense of humor, Protestant, wishes correspondence with gentleman of musical and literary tastes in Philadelphia. Marie.

PAMELA (26), meditative lady, adorned with the jewels of faith and charity and the ornament of meekness, desires letter-writing companionship with cultured gentleman.

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PERSONALS

IF THERE is a *"man around fifty"* left, could use one myself; am buried, but not dead, in Arizona. Cactus Kate, 646 E. 5 St., Tucson, Ariz.

STENOGRAPHER, experienced, college graduate, accurate, intelligent, attractive. Position wanted. Box 435.

ENGLISHMAN in West Indies, 29, bachelor, interested in life, literature, mental stimulation and most things generally, seeks a few congenial correspondents. Box 436.

ARE THERE former musicians in the intelligentsia would care getting together, to "buck" the Lombardo's, etc., on the air? Some good old Dixie Sytlers' who know what a *mean* clarinet really is? Fair Sex, not exempt. —A former musician who has heard the wild call of the tom-toms. Box 437.

FOR HIRE—Trained librarian (34), male, married. Experience in college teaching and newspaper work. Willing to go anywhere in the United States. Box 438.

WILL a courageous New York gentleman (40 to 60) of integrity (Christian only), who enjoys books, theaters, honestly prefers mature, intelligent, cultured feminine companionship write attractive. Protestant widow, 35. No misunderstood husbands or down-and-outers! Box 439.

I HAVE been publishing a magazine which is reaching national circulation and appears to be favorably received. But progress is slow and a suitable partner with some capital might be acceptable. Anyone interested? Box 440.

WANTED lady or gentleman with good business judgment to invest around $1,000 in an established stamp business that is making good. References. Box 441.

WANTED: Position as companion for older person, middle aged or young; free to do anything or go any place. Can make arrangements to travel any place. Lived abroad three years. Have crossed the ocean sixteen times. Can give references from Authors and Bankers. Box 442.

SERVICES of enterprising, energetic individual needed by busy woman to find a purchaser for Adirondack Camp Site. Seven percent commission assured if property is sold. Box 443.

YOUNG WOMAN, companionable, intelligent, interested in many things, seeks new friendships. Box 444.

PUSSY WANTS A CORNER — Young woman with literary ambitions, in urgent need of present employment, will turn an honest penny anywhere at anything, barring school-teaching, house-to-house canvassing and the more vulgar types of crime. Liquid assets—classic profile, genuine southern accent, charm, poise, skill in amusing conversation and sympathetic listening; working knowledge of French and typing. Frozen assets—college education, unsold manuscripts. Box 445.

WHAT JOB (if stationary please not humdrum) for female, 28, unmarried, travelled, who these three years has sold fiction, articles to leading magazines? Family obligations swallowed dollars. Now temporarily written out, financially flat. English connections, fluent French. Box 446.

A WOMAN WRITER, owner of a N. Y. C. suburban property, would appreciate partner with literary sense, man or woman. Box 447.

WRITER would like to know of someone free to tramp with her this summer through Germany, France and Switzerland and able to share (besides experiences and expenses) a craftsman's interest in poetry and prose. Box 448.

LONESOME in Chicago. Gentleman wants companionship, young woman 30-35, attractive, sophisticated, cultured (not high-brow). Enjoys outdoor activities, dancing and grate fires. Box 449.

YOUNG LADY, Hebrew scholar, desires position. Can do typing; is willing to work in office. Box 450.

ATTRACTIVE young married couple, college graduates, would like to care for gentleman's place, country or city, or do other honorable work together. Very capable but very poor. Box 451.

YOUNG LADY, intelligent, pleasing personality, wishes position as secretary-stenographer. Box 452.

A WOMAN, young at forty, who finds herself bounded on the North by children, on the East by pious old ladies, on the South by rheumatic old men and on the West by neurasthenic spinsters, desires escape by means of correspondence with people who are living *today*. Interests: travel, drama, writing, folks. What ho! No. 3333.

YOUNG MAN, studying in New York, athletic, gently intelligent, invites communication from a young lady (twenty, more or less) rather complex than simple, rather pretty than plain, who would enjoy being athletic and complex with the same person. May she be by temperament disinclined to answer an appeal such as this. J. K. L.

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

and to those concerned with Franco-American relations in the long period under review. The bibliography is not only printed with the careful scholarship for which the officers of the New York Public Library are noted in their publications, but is illustrated by ten plates of portraits, title-pages, and scenes. It is much to be wished that a similar bibliography of British travels could soon be carried through.

Mr. Monaghan has made a number of interesting discoveries. He has turned up a large number of items that had been completely forgotten. Some of these are still in manuscript; for example, the detailed diary which Auguste Carlier kept in the United States 1855-57, and the correspondence of Jean-Charles Houzeau, who lived in the United States 1857-76, and defended the Union cause in the Civil War in many articles in the Belgian press. His bibliography, and the book which is to follow, should engender a new interest in this whole neglected field. We may well question Mr. Monaghan's statement that "from many points of view" the French travels are more illuminating than the British. They are not as varied, as thorough, or on the whole as expert; the Frenchman is seldom as objective as the Englishman; and the more alien point of view results in many eccentric and misleading — sometimes even ridiculous — judgments. But unquestionably Mr. Monaghan is correct in saying that here is a great mass of material which will throw light both upon American conditions, and the national psychology of the French.

A. N.

HOW TO WIN AT STUD POKER. By George Henry Fisher. Los Angeles: The Stud Poker Press. 1933. 50 cents.

Writers of card games, even the indefatigable editors of the countless "Hoyles," have too long neglected this illegitimate offspring of the old French "Poque." Stud, though frowned upon in orthodox poker circles, has sufficient following and individuality to deserve its own authority, especially as the game's haphazard growth has left minor variations in different sections of the country. Here, in some hundred and ten pages, are adequately set down the history, theory, strategy, and mathematics of the game. Beginners and veterans alike will particularly enjoy the lucid and somewhat surprising tables of percentages, although many may not wholly agree with Mr. Fisher's professional conservatism.

The literature of any sport is rarely distinguished by artistic merit. In transcribing this lore, the author has not proved himself another Izaak Walton. But the book reads smoothly, and in more than one place one seems to catch the whiff of tobacco-laden air and the warmth of good fellowship. Also, those who have stood helplessly by during the decline and fall of whist, need have no fear, Mr. Fisher has not tried to make the world Stud Poker conscious.

J. D.

Brief Mention

The New York State Agricultural Society has published *A History of Agriculture in the State of New York*, by Ulysses P. Hedrick. The book deals most interestingly with social customs and social background as well as agriculture per se, and is abundantly illustrated. This is a valuable book for historians and writers of historical fiction. . . . An extensive historical study of *The First Earl of Shaftesbury* has been published under the auspices of The American Historical Association, by Louise Fargo Brown (Appleton-Century, $4). . . . Highly specialized, but containing material difficult to come at in English, is the *History of Christianity in the Balkans*, by Matthew Spinka (American Society of Church History, Chicago, $4.50). This is substantially a study in the spread of Byzantine culture among the South Slavs and contains much about the extraordinary and too little known culture of the old Serbian empire. . . . A quaint book is the *Anthology of Elizabethan Dedications and Prefaces*, edited by Clara Gebert (University of Pennsylvania Press). A number of introductions, varying from the pompous to the familiar and amusing, are reprinted with a bibliography. . . . J. H. Evans's *The Poems* of George Crabbe (Macmillan, $3) is a useful handbook for readers of the great realist poet. Another handbook, largely botanical, geological, and biological, is *The California Deserts: A Visitor's Handbook* by Edmund C. Jaeger (Stanford University Press, $2). It includes maps and many drawn figures of plants and animals. . . . Noel Coward's most famous plays have been brought together in an omnibus volume called *Play Parade* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50). . . . Among important reference books of scholarship recently published are *Correspondence of General Thomas Gage with the Secretaries of the State, with the War office and the Treasury, 1763-1775*, Volume II (Yale University Press, $5), compiled and edited by Clarence E. Carter; also by the same press *The British Colonial Government After the American Revolution, 1782-1820* by Helen Taft Manning ($4); and *Rabelais in English Literature*, by Huntington Brown (Harvard University Press, $2). From the Harvard Press also comes the sumptuous printing of Bertha Harris Wiles's *The Fountains of Florentine Sculptors From Donatello to Bernini*, elaborately illustrated ($7.50). . . . We have received from Basil Blackwell, Oxford (5 Shillings) *No. XII of the Percy Reprints, The Works of Thomas Purney*, edited by H. O. White, "a forgotten poet and critic of the early eighteenth century." . . . The Collegiate Press Corporation of Boston, Mass., has issued *John Henry Newman, The Romantic, The Friend, The Littérateur*, by Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener. . . . The Macmillan Company have imported a convenient edition of the *Prefaces and Essays* of the late George Saintsbury ($3.40). . . . Three rather striking short stories by Aline Bernstein have been put together and boxed by the Equinox Coöperative Press. . . . Four titles have been added to the series of pocket biographies called "Great Lives," published by Macmillan at $.75 each. (Books previously published in this series were reviewed in our issue of November 4.) The new titles are "Chopin," by Basil Maine; "Haig," by Brigadier-General J. Charteris; "Nelson," by Brian Tunstall, and "Nietzsche," by Gerald Abraham. These are useful books for the reader who wishes an introductory acquaintance with the figures included in the series. Each contains a short bibliography for further reading. . . . We should note also a very useful reference and textbook, *Urban Society*, by Noel P. Gist and L. A. Halbert (Thomas Y. Crowell, $3.50).

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BIOGRAPHY

Hugh Walpole. M. Steen. Doubleday. $3. *John R. Mott.* B. Mathews. Harper. $3. *Irvin S. Cobb.* F. G. Neuman. Paducah, Ky.: Young. $2.

DRAMA

The Bells of the Madonna. B. R. Laverack. Boston: Beacon. $1.25.

FOREIGN

Armand Godoy. A. Devaux. Paris: Portiques.

HISTORY

Europe since 1914. F. Lee Benns. Crofts. $5.

INTERNATIONAL

International Organization. H. M. Vinacke. Crofts. $5.

MISCELLANEOUS

Elements of a National Mineral Policy. Ed. C. K. Leith, H. F. Bain, and S. M. Marshall. New York: Mineral Inquiry. *America Goes Socialistic.* H. Savage, Jr. Dorrance. $1.75. *Catalogue of Dramatic Portraits.* L. A. Hall. Harvard Univ. Pr. *Behind the Screen.* M. Chideckel, M.D. New York: American Medical Pub. Co. *Women and Repeal.* G. C. Root. Harper. $1.50. *Facing Our Day.* W. C. Covert. Abingdon. $1.50. *Personality in Politics.* W. B. Munro. Macmillan. $1.60. *Culinary Herbs and Condiments.* Mrs. M. Grieve. Harcourt. $2. *Whisky.* Æ. MacDonald. Duffield. $1.50. *The Folger Shakespeare Library.* Trustees of Amherst College. *Contagious Diseases.* W. W. Brauer. Knopf. $2.

PAMPHLETS

The Armaments Racket. P. E. T. Widdrington. Morehouse. 25 cents.

PHILOSOPHY

How the Mind Works. Ed. C. Burt. Appleton.

POETRY

The Tomb of Columbus and Other Verses. J. W. Price. Oxford: Shakespeare Head. *The Star in the Dusk.* R. A. Thomas, Jr. Monroe, N. C.: Sunnyside Press.

RELIGION

God, Man, and Society. V. A. Demant. Morehouse. $2. *Imagination and Religion.* L. Dewar. Morehouse. $1.50. *A History of the Church in Venezuela.* M. Watters. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $3.

PERSONALS

SOME fine and rare books may be obtained from a private collector in Baltimore at less than cost. Call Plaza 4304.

MAN, early forties, still active in mind, addicted to the theatre and good talk, stranded in Philadelphia, wishes correspondence with woman, attractive, but for Heaven's sake not beautiful. Sense of humor required. Brotherly Love.

NO JOY exceeds that of seeing and representing nature's beauty. Columbia University advertised for five years to do for art "what electricity does for light and power." Now offered solely by the author, this course gives in months of home study more than years by old methods. Address A. K. Cross Art School, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

IS THERE a gentleman (between 45 and 58) in the vicinity of New York, Philadelphia or Los Angeles—one who adores the glorious out-of-doors; loves his fellow men; delights in all things beautiful? One who has traveled, known sorrow and still cherishes Christian ideals. Finds joy in winter and prefers skating to cards. If such there be—would he desire the acquaintance of another of the same experience? Understanding Heart.

VACANCY in select college prep near New York City for English department head, male, unmarried, in exchange for room, board, laundry. No salary. Send credentials immediately. Salary following year, if satisfactory. Box R.

SCRAPBOOKS to order. Dunham, Arcade, N. Y.

TIME, magazine tycoon, prints: "In Manhattan last week Bibliophile Abraham Simon Wolf Rosenbach said that the U. S. S. R. had offered him the Codex Sinaiticus for $1,250,000." Page Jack Pearl. Had Doctor offered his unique Faerie Queene, inscribed by Spenser to Elizabeth Boyle, 4 years before he met her, and tossed in a Boswell's Johnson, inscribed by Gossip Eddie Newton; one feels certain that Russia would have traded even and not bothered about the trifling cash amount. George Frisbee.

TOASTS wanted, including some appropriately spoken by ladies. Will share finds with contributors. LEO & OTTO.

AMONG the select and intelligent readers of this *Review*, is there not one who can and will employ a cultured and competent homemaker? Address Box 413, Delmar, New York.

YELLOW connotes H
Morley's best work in
"Notes with a Yellow
dogs it when asked by
plain how the man who wrote so learnedly about law and seals and handwriting in "Shake-speare's" plays could make such a pathetic mess when signing simple deeds in 1614. Haverford and Yellow. George Frisbee.

BUSINESS WOMAN, widow, thirty-five, desires correspondence with cultured man but prefers good disposition to brilliance. New York City or vicinity. "Brunette."

COLLEGE GRADUATE, woman (42), wants a job, business, companion, or care of children, in New York or Westchester. Lived abroad fifteen years. Box 453.

COLLEGE MAN, 33, can influence considerable capital in fundamentally sound business or project capable of extensive development requiring competent promotional, organization and sales assistance. Outline requested. Box 454.

YOUNG southern chap (gosh, almost said gentleman); degrees in engineering, sociology, and English, with some to spare; equipped with Buick coupe and Underwood typewriter; interested in mechanics, literature, drama, forensics, aviation; inexperienced in nicotine, alcohol, matrimony; now very much employed, but will write, travel, lecture, or what-have-you for summer or always if you are interested. Here is my body, somebody. Box 455.

ARTHUR BRISBANE asks: "Does Dr. Rosenbach know all the words of 'The Star Spangled Banner'?" That aggravated my cold-sore. If Doctor knew the "home of the brave" part he surely would be emboldened into admitting that he was gypped, bunked and horn-swoggled when he bought a "Faerie Queene" supposedly inscribed by "Spenser" to Elizabeth Boyle, 1590. Doctor did not know then that "Spenser" first met her in 1594. Rosy should read Robert Greene's "Conny-Catching." George Frisbee.

PERSONAL

"Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage" for the eager correspondents of this department:—

Dear Sir:

At first I felt your column would be a great factor in bringing together literary minded people. Far from it! Upon checking up I find you had better publish a list and address of county jails. To my surprise and embarrassment I find I have been corresponding with someone at a county jail in Mass. Perhaps you can eliminate replies from there!

Sincerely,

But suppose that it had been O. Henry, from his jail in Ohio!

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SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

Ten years ago this week the young man pictured in the emblem of *The Inner Sanctum* began planting seeds in the ground, rolling a hoop, sowing his wild oats, or simply holding the bag (*Cries of "Hear! Hear!"*)—depending on how you interpret this seal and trade-mark inspired by the famous painting of Millet.

In those ten years your correspondents have made some adolescent progress in mastering the first art of the publisher—learning how to say "No" in ten languages.

But if winter comes, spring catalogues cannot be far behind, and in the last twelvemonth *The Inner Sanctum* is proud to have said "*Yes*" to a small but select list of authors—some justly famous, some newly discovered.

Among other publications, the forthcoming Spring, 1934 catalogue of *The Inner Sanctum* will feature

Men of War by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART
Modern Art.....by THOMAS CRAVEN
Nijinsky..... by ROMOLA NIJINSKY
The Art of Relaxation
by WALTER B. PITKIN
Weymouth Sands
by JOHN COWPER POWYS
The Unpossessed by TESS SLESINGER
More Fun In Bed by FRANK SCULLY
Farewell to Fifth Avenue
by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

And in a place of honor, deeply lodged in the affections of *The Innermost Sanctum,* will be ranked those apples of the publishers' eyes, the unwearied best-sellers for the years, including

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Living Philosophies
by ALBERT EINSTEIN, et al.
The Story of Philosophy
by WILL DURANT
Van Loon's Geography
by H. W. VAN LOON
More Power to You!
by WALTER B. PITKIN
The First World War
by LAURENCE STALLINGS
The Art of Thinking
by ABBE ERNEST DIMNET
Believe It or Not by ROBERT L. RIPLEY
Bambi, A Life In the Woods
by FELIX SALTEN
A Philosophy of Solitude
by JOHN COWPER POWYS
The History of the Russian Revolution.....by LEON TROTSKY

Any readers of this column desiring advance first edition copies of the forthcoming Spring 1934 catalogue, without cost and without obligation, are invited, nay, challenged, to send their names and addresses to

ESSANDESS

THE ARYAN PATH
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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞*This week Quercus has a contribution from W. S. H., who has had an advance look at many, if not most, of the Spring book jackets. Herewith his first report, which is to be continued:—*

A REVIEW OF JACKETS
By W. S. H.

Chapter I

Just about a century ago books began to appear in cloth bindings. Before that they were subscribed for, or bought outright, encased in boards, the bookseller leaving it to his patrons to have them dressed in leather, as they pleased. William Pickering was the first publisher to use cloth for his books, and the first volumes to appear in the new material were the Aldine Poets—the entire first edition. Paper labels were used; the earliest gold stamping was applied to the set of Byron's life and works published in seventeen volumes by John Murray in 1832. So it is reported, although I have in my own library a set of Shakespeare, 15 volumes, 12mo, printed and published by A. I. Valpy in the same year and possibly preceding the Byron set. The Valpy books are bound in a mauve-colored grosgrain cloth, blind stamped with a scroll design on both sides, and gold stamped on the spine. And not because of its pioneer covering but because it is illustrated from the plates in the Boydell edition, and has Dr. Johnson's preface, it is my favorite Shakespeare, ever. At any rate, cloth became the rule for bindings as being cheap and durable.

Until the nineties, books were entirely dependent upon their contents so far as salability was concerned. There surely was nothing to attract in the various shades of purple, red, and green cloth that were used for bindings—all dark, drab, and dull. Then someone—I wish I knew who—devised a "dust-jacket," of plain paper with a peep-hole to show title and author. This didn't help at all.

It was Mr. Frank Doubleday, I am told, who suggested to Mr. Scribner that illustrations might well be applied to these paper coverings to help make clear what the book was about. So came about the printed jacket and its attendant blurb, terribly cautious at first. I hope the honor of discovery or invention can remain in America with Mr. Doubleday, although here, too, I can look to my own books for a possible English claimant for "first jackets." The *Wessex Edition* of Hardy's novels (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., London) appears in the nineties, and I recall tossing away several ragged jackets as I acquired the books one by one. Today the set is quite naked.

Henry Giersberg of Putnams, who was there even when jackets first came in, believes the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, should be given credit for the idea. *Son of Austerity with Hoops of Steel, Redemption of David Corson,* published 1898, were the first titles he remembers to have been enclosed in gay jackets.

All of which may be irrelevant, but the book jacket has come a long way since its inception. Today it is a definite and important part of a book, so important in fact that there are, I am sure, many modern books whose jackets consumed more time in discussion than the acceptance by the publisher of the book itself. For the wrapper has to compete with every other wrapper—it has to help sell what it covers. Whether or not it protects it from dust is a consideration long since forgotten.

So it is that Doubleday, Doran, wanting a pictorial jacket for Sinclair Lewis's *Work of Art,* reach right up to the top stratum of American artists and select Ernest Fiene to do the work. It is by long odds the best jacket of the Spring crop I have seen—a panoramic depiction of the story in full color filling the lower half of the jacket and stretching from one edge to the other. The upper half is plain title and author, white lettering on black; no more is needed. The blurb is tucked inside. It will sell *extra* or *further* copies of the book; it is one good investment protecting another.

Random House have shown just as good taste and have been equally astute. After all the *tohu-bohu* about *Ulysses,* most publishers would have spread, I am afraid, most of it all over the jacket. Instead, Ernst Reichl was called in. *Ulysses* appears in a dignified, typographic jacket that is a joy to behold. On fawn-colored paper the title stretches in sans-serif letters from top to bottom. The author's name is enclosed in a vertical red block nicely fitted into the E and S. The pattern is repeated, reduced, on the spine with publisher's imprint at foot. Of jackets in lettering I have seen nothing to approach its beauty and simplicity.

Doubleday had Iowa's—maybe America's—great artist, Grant Wood, do the jacket for *Passions Spin the Plot.* His jacket for Vardis Fisher's previous title, *In Tragic Life,* was a revelation of what could be done within the dimensions of a book-cover.

I have the happy advantage of not having read any of these books. I assume that in each case the jacket is indicative of the contents. If *L'Affaire Jones* (Stokes) is throughout as funny as Soglow's picture, no one will be let down. Nothing subtle about it; just an American being led to prison with great ceremony and vituperation. The colors are red, white, and French blue.

I Went to Pit College (Viking) has its locale fixed by a series of six photographs obviously taken in a coal-mining region. The back-strip shows the author in full uniform as a Smith College graduate. So there's the plot.

I do not expect to see many better designs than that used for *Sea Level* (Harper). A single pattern serves both spine and front cover—it is apt and appropriate for both. It is dramatic yet dignified; I like it very much indeed.

☞At this point Quercus is obliged to interrupt W. S. H.'s serial in order to report some of the week's news items. ☞Louise Seaman, who for reasons of health has just resigned her position as head of Macmillan's Juvenile Department, carries with her all the good wishes of the book trade and the Quercuses. ☞Frederic G. Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly,* has been elected President of the R. R. Bowker Co., publishers of that and other trade journals, to succeed R. R. Bowker, who died in November. The other officers are Albert R. Crone, Vice-President; John A. Holden, Secretary, and Armond C. Frasca, Treasurer. These officers, together with Mildred Smith and Louis Greene, were reëlected to the Board of Directors. ☞Happy New Decade cards are in order for Simon & Schuster as well as for W. W. Norton & Co., whom we felicitated last week. ☞Two extra printings of last week's *Saturday Review* were made in response to the wide interest in Hervey Allen's article, *The Sources of Anthony Adverse.*

JACKET DESIGN BY ERNEST FIENE FOR "WORK OF ART"

THE MODERN WORLD:
A Pageant of Today
By H. C. KNAPP-FISHER
ILLUSTRATED WITH 14 MAPS

How classify such a book? It is not Geography, for that has been popularized recently by another masterly hand; it is not History, for that too has been delightfully covered; nor is it just Economics, Politics, Government, or just any other single thing. A delightful quality of this volume lies in the fact that it is all of these and other things, besides being fused as the titles says into "A Pageant of Today." instructive? Yes, but in so fascinating a manner that the reader is conscious only of the story the author unfolds.

If you were to have before you a globe of the world and the modern part of it were suddenly to become alive, then you would get the same impression that you do as you read this book. The author seems to realize how haphazard the ordinary person's knowledge of this modern world really is; so big, so noisy, so difficult to understand. Like a skillful etcher, with a few deft strokes he creates memorable pictures of each nation, the structure of its civilization and the individual way in which it lives. He knows not only the fundamentals of each people, but their foibles and idiosyncrasies. He takes the reader on a world tour to the parliaments and palaces, the Government offices, the courts of justice, powerhouses and factories, mines and plantations, mansions and slums, explaining these things in relation to one another and to the reader himself. The book presents a parade of the whole of mankind at work and at play; it reviews the relations of economics and politics in so simple a style, that they are easily understandable. It is a continuous story of which the reader himself is at once the hero and the slave.

The author is signally free from national and personal prejudice, presenting each nation without bias or undue criticism; with a magnificent, concrete, imaginative power, he presents a picture in good proportion and fairly complete, of the world as it works today. This is a book to be read for its wealth of modern information, as well as for the real charm of the author's prose. $2.50

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